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## THE CONSTELLATION.

## NOTES OF A BOOKWORM.

NUMBER XXIX.

FENELON.—He was one of those rare men, who are destined to form an epocha in their age, and who do equal honour to humanity by their virtue, and to literature by their eminent talents.—Easy and brilliant, his peculiar character was an imagination always fertile and graceful, and which subdued every one, without making any sensible of its superiority. His eloquence was rather insinuating than vehement; he reigned as much by the charm of his manners, as by the ascendancy of his genius.—Placing himself on a level with every intellect, he never disputed; and, while he carried off all with whom he conversed, they always thought he yielded to them.—The graces flowed from his lips. He seemed while discoursing on the gravest subjects to play with them.—The merest trifles became noble under his pen; he would have made roses bud in the midst of thorns. A dignified singularity was spread over his person; an indescribable sublimity in the simplicity of his manners, gave his character the appearance of a prophet; a new but unaffected turn of expression made many think that his knowledge had come to him by inspiration.—Always original, always creative, imitating no one, he himself always appeared imitable.—His talents, long buried in the obscurity of seminaries, even while he was employed on missions for the conversion of the Protestants, were placed in full view by the choice which the king made of him to be the preceptor of the Duke of Burgundy, his grandson. So vast a theatre was not too large for so great an actor; and if his taste for mysticism had not betrayed the secret of his heart, and the weak side of his understanding, there was not a place, which the public would not have assigned him, or which would not have been thought inferior to his merit.—*Memoirs of the Chancellor d'Aguesseau.*

COMEDY AND TRAGEDY.—Baron Holbach, in a conversation on theatrical works, thus describes comedy and tragedy: "The business of a comedy is always a marriage, and that of a tragedy a murder. All the intrigue turns on this question—Shall they marry, or shall they not marry?—Shall they kill, or shall they not kill? They shall marry, they shall kill, so ends the first act: they shall not marry—they shall not kill, concludes the second act. A new means of marrying and killing presents itself, which is the substance of the third act. A new difficulty arises, and prevents the marriage and the murder; and this forms the fourth act. At length, wearied with the contest, they marry and they kill, which completes the piece."

PORSON.—"I remember to have seen Porson at Cambridge, in the hall of our college, and in private parties, but not frequently; and I never can recollect him except as drunk or brutal, and generally both: I mean in an evening, for in the hall, he dined at the Dean's table, and I at the Vicemaster's, so that I was not near him; and he then and there appeared sober in his demeanor, nor did I ever hear of excess or outrage on his part in public,—commons, college, or chapel; but I have seen him in a private party of under-graduates, many of them freshmen and strangers, take up a poker to one of them, and heard him use language as blackguard as his action. I have seen Sheridan drunk, too, with all the world; but his intoxication was that of Bacchus, and Porson's that of Silenus. Of all the disgusting brutes, sulky, abusive, and intolerable. Porson was the most bestial, as far as the few times that I saw him went, which were only at William Bankes's (the Nubian discoverer's) rooms. I saw him once go away in a rage, because nobody knew the name of the "Coluber of Messina," insulting their ignorance with the most vulgar terms of reprobation. He was tolerated in this state among the young men for his talents, as the Turks think a madman inspired, and bear with him. He used to recite, or rather vomit pages of all languages, and could hiccup Greek like a Helet; and

certainly Sparta never shocked her children with a grosser exhibition than this man's intoxication.

"I perceive in the book you sent me, a long account of him, which is very savage. I cannot judge, as I never saw him sober, except in half or combination-room; and then I was never near enough to hear, and hardly to see him. Of his drunken deportment, I can be sure, because I saw it."—*Lord Byron, in Moore's Life of B.*

LITERATURE AND SCIENCE OF THE ARABIANS.—This people threw all their fierce nature into the pursuits of learning, and surpassed their predecessors (the Greeks and Romans,) not only in works of imagination, but in those connected with the sciences. They spurned the narrow bounds of time and space, and imagined worlds of their own, and peopled them with matchless beings, unshackled by moral functions and human laws, and gave them powers and virtues of an angelic nature. But in the midst of these delightful fictions of literature, they forgot not the sciences, but pursued them with a poetic passion. They invented the laws of numbers, and proved the truth of them by the invention itself. They pursued, through the alchemic, the visionary doctrines of alchemy to the satisfactory results of chemistry; and by experiments, brought science from the dreams of avarice to enlighten mankind. That warmth of imagination which saw the times in the stars, found by the light of the mind which accompanied it, the precise movements of the heavenly bodies, and the delirium of the magician was changed to the devout reverence of the scientific astronomer. The choicest names in the Arabic language were given to the constellations, and these have been preserved by those who knew but little of their origin.—The literature of Spain and Italy was the same in a new form gaining something at times, but losing much of its ethereal fire in every new transformation. The Gauls and Britons at length came in for their share, and have repaid the whole world for what they received. The light they borrowed from the east is now reflected back, and the nations of Egypt are learning the arts of war and peace from those they once instructed.—*Knapp's Lectures.*

GERMAN LADIES.—Like all their sisters of Saxony, the ladies are models of industry: whether at home or abroad, knitting and needle work know no interruption. A lady, going to a route, would think little of forgetting her fan, but could not spend half an hour without her implements of female industry. A man would be quite pardonable for doubting, on entering such a drawing room, whether he had not strayed into a school of industry. At Dresden this is carried so far, that even the Theatre is not protected against stocking-wires. I have seen a lady gravely lay down her work, wipe away the tears which the sorrows of Thekla in Wallenstein's Death had brought into her eyes, and immediately resume her knitting. The Weimars have not yet found it necessary to put softness of heart so absolutely under the protection of the work-bag. They are much more attached to music than to dancing, and sometimes a desperate struggle is made to get up a masquerade; but they want the vivacity without which a thing of that sort is the most insipid of all amusements. The higher class leaves the masquerades to the citizens, who demurely pace round a room in black dominoes, and stare at each other in black faces.—*Russell's Tour in Constable's Misc.*

THE POET SHELLEY.—His figure was tall and slight, and his constitution consumptive. He was subject to violent spasmodic pains, which would sometimes force him to lie on the ground till they were over; but he had always a kind word to give to those about him when his pangs allowed him to speak. On this organization, as well as in some other respects, he resembled the German poet, Schiller. Though well turned, his shoulders were bent a little, owing to premature thought and trouble. The same cause had touched his hair with grey; and though his habits of temperance and exercise gave him a remarkable degree of strength, it is not supposed that he could have lived many years. He used to say, that he had lived three times as long as the calendar gave out; which he would prove between jest and earnest, by some remarks on time.

That would have puzzled that stout stagyrite. Like the stagyrite's, his voice was high and weak. His eyes were large and animated with a dart of wildness in them; his face small, but well shaped, particularly the mouth and chin, the turn of which was very sensitive and graceful. His complexion was naturally fair and delicate with a colour in the

cheeks. He had brown hair, which, though tinged with grey, surmounted his face well, being in considerable quantity, and tending to a curl.—His side face upon the whole, was deficient in strength, and his features would not have told well in a bust; but, when fronting, and looking at you, his aspect had a certain seraphical character, that would have suited a portrait of John the Baptist, or the angel whom Milton describes holding a reed "tipped with fire."—*Leigh Hunt's "Contemporaries of Lord Byron."*

OATH UPON THE DIRK.—As the heathen deities contracted an indelible obligation if they swore by Styx, the Scottish Highlanders had usually some peculiar solemnity attached to an oath, which they intended should be binding on them. Very frequently it consisted in laying their hand, as they swore, on their own drawn dirk, which dagger, becoming a party to the transaction, was invoked to punish any breach of faith. But by whatever ritual the oath was sanctioned, the party was extremely desirous to keep secret what the especial oath was, which he considered as irrevocable. This was a matter of great convenience, as he felt no scruple in breaking his asseveration, when made in any other form than that which he accounted as peculiarly solemn, and therefore readily granted any engagement which bound him no longer than he inclined. Whereas, if the oath which he accounted inviolable was one publicly known, no party with whom he might have occasion to contract, would have rested satisfied with any other.—*Scott's Notes on Waverley.*

CHARACTER OF THE MODERN ARABIANS.—One day, being occupied with herbalising, and feeling fatigued, I sat down in the shade of the *douras* (maize) and taking out my memorandum-book, to insert some remarks, I found there a paper written on both sides; this being of no further use, I tore up and threw away the pieces, which the wind carried into a neighbouring field. Shortly afterwards a noise of voices excited my attention, and I heard the proprietor of the field telling the Arabs he had called around him, that for upwards of an hour I had been engaged in writing charms, with the intention of bewitching his crop. My servant, to very little purpose, took infinite pains to make them comprehend that I was a traveller, and no sorcerer; and if I had not been known to some of the party, it is probable I should not have escaped without ill treatment. However, the owner, an old man with a white beard, set himself to work, and having carefully gathered up the fragments of paper, menacing me all the time, hastily went away, for the purpose of consigning them to the flames. The Arab who benevolently offers you his assistance, and who appears officious and disinterested, is almost always a thief; their dexterity in thieving is very great; failing with their hands, they will steal with their feet, and in a moment the sand covers what they have been able to seize. There is no species of knavery in which the Arabs are not adepts, and they have turned to their advantage the taste of the Europeans for antiquities. Their duping the curious traveller may not be surprising; but it has happened that they have caught the learned and the skilful. It could scarcely be imagined that a demi-savage of the Thebaid would offer figures as antiques made only the day before, or that a Bedouin could hawk about for camels of the time of the Pharaohs, those fabricated by the subjects of the Pope? Yet this occurs every day.—*Rifaud's Pictures of Egypt.*

The Cholera on Shipboard.—We find in the Liverpool papers the following letter to the President of the Board of Health.

Sir,—With deepest feelings of regret, I have the painful duty to perform of transmitting you one of the most melancholy and distressing accounts of Cholera, which occurred on board the British barque Brutus, bound for Quebec from Liverpool, with three hundred and thirty passengers. The first case presented itself on the 25th of May (being the eighth day after we left the river,) in a strong healthy man, 35 years of age; the symptoms were all well-marked, the spasms particularly severe: under the usual means of treatment he recovered. The next case was an old woman of sixty, who died in ten hours after the commencement of the attack. The disease continued gradually to increase (notwithstanding every means having been employed to arrest its progress,) until the night of Saturday, the 2d of June, when we were a good deal tossed about by a heavy sea, and dark hazy weather; it spread to such an alarming extent on Sunday most of the ship's crew being attacked, and having lost some of them the week before we were obliged to bear up again for Liverpool. It

is impossible to describe the scene of misery on the third, fourth and fifth; people dying in every direction,—the greater number of them destitute of the common articles of bed covering. On the sixth the weather became more favourable, the disease less severe, and the number of new cases diminished, which has since been on the decline.

I annex the number of cases, deaths, recoveries, and the number labouring under the disease at present on board. May I therefore request you will have some arrangement made as soon as possible to remove the sick where they can have the necessary attendance, as their situation here is truly so deplorable, that there is little chance of recovery, and the remainder of the passengers in imminent danger of being attacked with the disease.

I have the honour to be, sir, your obedient humble servant

W. W. THOMPSON, M. R. C. S. in London.

A more particular account of the calamity is furnished by the Liverpool papers as follows:

The ship Brutus, Captain Neilson, left the Mersey on the 18th May, for Quebec, with three hundred and thirty passengers, principally composed of persons from the agricultural districts, anxious to find in the Canadian profitable returns for their labor and capital. The crew was efficient, the captain able and attentive. The services of a surgeon and clergyman were also engaged, and every thing promised a favorable and pleasant voyage. The weather was calm and beautiful; and the first six days were spent without regret of the past, but in pleasing anticipations of the future. On Friday, the 25th May, there was illness on board, but it created no alarm. On Sunday, the 27th, the crew and passengers were summoned to prayers, and the reverend gentleman preached from 1st Cor.—"Now abide faith, hope, and charity." He was listened to with the most marked attention, and the day closed with serenity and peace. The sun on the following morning rose unclouded, it shone on health, it set on dismay and death! A man in the vigor and prime of life, was suddenly seized with illness; and soon the principal symptoms of malignant Cholera manifested themselves. The surgeon, aware of the necessity of prompt and vigorous exertion, at once applied the necessary remedies, and his patient recovered. His next case was not so fortunate; and soon the news of a woman's death thrilled through the ship with awful solemnity. A child of a few days old soon followed; and the next day, Tuesday, death made a fearful advance. Alarm then arrived at its height, and each passenger began to view his fellow with looks of fearful apprehension. Sympathy became absorbed in the fear of general danger, and many sought protection by keeping aloof from those parts of the ship in which the sufferers lay. This was found of no avail; and when, on the following Sunday, the awful splash told of 13 bodies being committed to the deep! then, indeed,

Shrink the timid, and stand still the brave!

The Brute! few, few, in truth they were! despair seemed to sit on every visage, the stillness of the grave was around, and the doctor's melancholy movements were viewed with almost the listless gaze of inanition. On Monday the deaths swelled in their amount, and the captain finding himself deprived of the services of his second mate, carpenter, and steward, thought it in accordance with his duty to bear up for Cork, but finding that impossible, he altered his course for Liverpool and arrived yesterday morning, and was immediately reported. The deaths amounted to seventy-nine, and two having died after coming into port, leaves the amount of mortality Eighty-one Individuals since the disease broke out.

The Board of Health had all the particulars laid before them, and the Newcastle lazaretto ship in the Slysne was ordered for the accommodation of the remaining passengers, and the necessary supply of provisions sent on board.

ANECDOTE OF A DOG.—At the late fire corner of Courtlandt and West streets, the following incident occurred, which tends in a striking degree, to illustrate the sagacity and fidelity of that most excellent animal, —the dog.

A young man slept in the third story of the building in which the fire originated. His dog, lying by his bedside, scented the fire which had broken out below. He immediately endeavored to awake his master, by laying his fore paws on his breast, and drawing them gently over his body. The young man aroused himself, but not suspecting the object of the animal, fell again to sleep. The dog then seized the bed clothes and stripped them off his master, who a second time covered himself up and went to sleep. The dog, aware that no more time was to be lost, took hold of the young man's shirt with his teeth and tore it from his arm. At this moment the flames were bursting into his chamber, and he saved his life by descending the tackle fall which he threw out of the window, hand over hand. The worst of the story remains to be told. In his hurry to escape destruction, the young man had forgot that his keeper had no means of descent, and burst into a flood of tears on finding that he could not return to save him.—*Gaz.*

## MY NATIVE ISLE.

Oh! tell me of fairer lands,  
Beneath a brighter sky;  
Of streams that roll o'er golden sands,  
And flowers that never die!

My native isle! my native isle!  
Though bare and bleak thou be;  
And scant and cold thy summer smile,  
Thou'rt all the world to me!

The flower that on thy mountain's brow  
When wintry winds assail,  
Securely sleeps beneath the snow,  
Its cold and kindly veil,—

Transplanted to a richer soil,  
Where genial breezes play,  
In suckly bloom will drop awhile,  
Then wither and decay.

Such, such, thy sheltering embrace,  
When storms prevail I feel,  
My father's native resting-place,  
Though cold, yet kindly still.

And ah! the floweret's fate were mine,  
If doomed from thee to part—  
To sink in sickening slow decline,  
The carter of the heart.

Love's dearest bands, friendship's strong ties,  
That round my bosom twine—  
All past delight, all present joys,  
My native isle! are thine!

If all were gone, like summer's dew,  
Before the morning beams;  
Still friends, that pass not, I should view,  
In thy wild rocks and streams.

Oh! may they still, thy changeable skies,  
Thy clouds, thy mists be mine!  
And the sun that saw my morning rise,  
Gleam on my day's decline.

My native isle! my native isle!  
Though bleak and bare thou be,  
And scant and cold thy summer smile,  
Thou'rt all the world to me!

T. W. Edinb. Mag.

## HISTORY, PRESENT WRONGS, AND CLAIMS OF POLAND.

Continued.

On the following morning, an Administrative Council was formed; and now it was that the more sober part of the Poles acted a part which has not yet met with its due meed of praise. They had groaned under the tyranny of Russia, in common with their countrymen; but with a patriotic and enduring spirit, they bore with the oppressor, because they saw no present hope for their country in resistance. The brilliant success of the revolt did not blind them to the fearful struggle it would provoke—to the interests it would compromise. They saw their country's danger, and they saw their own. They knew that the punishment of an unsuccessful revolt ever falls on the chiefs and on the persons of property; they also knew full well with how large a hand Russia metes out such punishment. Hitherto they were innocent; they might save themselves, their properties, and their families, by disavowing the rash glory which the intemperate youth of Warsaw had won; they might act as moderators between the Emperor and their countrymen, and, under the mask of that office, save appearances with the world; and thus, with some show of honour, shelter themselves from the coming storm. But they knew Russia, they knew their own hearts, and they knew Poland. They saw all their danger, they deplored the past, they had small hope for the future;—but they saw that the strife was begun;—they knew that from the present rulers of Russia, though there might be security for themselves, there would be no forgiveness for their country; and they therefore with calm but devoted patriotism, flung their sabres into the scale, and gave the weight of their talents, their characters, and their fortunes, to a desperate cause. That cause was their country's. There might be a chance of salvation—thousands of chances were against them; but to the Lord of Hosts they committed the struggle; and they took the direction of affairs amidst shouts of "God bless Poland!"

This act of calm and devoted patriotism is the best refutation of those interested aspersions which have been too frequently cast on the higher Polish nobles. They have been held up to Europe as a band of overbearing selfish chiefs; jealous only of their own unbridled licence and privileges; careless of the real independence of their country, and oppressive to their unfortunate serfs and dependants. The aspersion is most calumnious. Sweet are the uses of adversity. The descendants of those military oligarchs, whose seigniorial, civil, and religious persecutions and oppressions rent Poland during the ruinous dynasty of the Vasas, became—in one generation, by their exile in France, in another, by the lessons learned in their desperate struggles against the partitioning powers, in the third and present, by the collision of opinions resulting from the French Revolution—an amended, an enlightened, a patriotic, and a temperate aristocracy. The humane and self-divesting reforms of the Czartoryskis in 1765—the wise institutions of Zamoycki and others, which led to the admirable Constitution of 1791—and the conduct, during the late struggle, of the present descendants of the Czartoryskis, the Zamoycki, the Potoski, the Radzivils, and others too numerous to particularize, are the glorious evidences of this assertion. There was no flinching—there was no violence. They held out, indeed, a deprecatory hand to Russia,—but without dishonour; and they maintained

an arduous contest, without violence,—without one single disorganizing appeal to the oppressed peasants and subjects of their oppressor. This last generosity deprived them of much early assistance from Lithuania; and in requital, they are now exiles in foreign lands, or travelling on foot, with their heads shaved, as slaves, to the prisons of Siberia.

On the morning of the 30th November, within a few short, but important hours after the breaking out of the revolt, Prince Adam Czartoryski, Prince Michael Radzivil, and other distinguished Poles, attended the grand council of the kingdom, to which they of right belonged, but to which they had not lately been summoned. Niemcewicz, the fellow prisoner and worthy companion of Koscisko, addressed the anxious multitude from the balcony of the Council Chamber. He urged them to order, and to the preservation of tranquillity; and a thousand students of the University instantly enrolled themselves as a city guard.

As the intelligence of these occurrences at Warsaw spread through the kingdom, all with one accord joined in throwing off the yoke of Constantine. Some of the Polish guards, who, with a high sense of military honour, had remained with the Grand Duke for his personal defence, now that the revolt had become a revolution, signified the impossibility of their continuing any longer arrayed against their countrymen; and on the 3d of December, within four short days after the breaking out of the insurrection, this imperial commander-in-chief, whose frown had hitherto been the signal for disgrace and imprisonment, was compelled to address the following letter to the grand council of Warsaw: "Je permets aux troupes Polonoises qui ne sont restées fideles jusqu'à ce dernier moment de reprendre le leurs. Je me mets en route avec les troupes imperiales pour m'eloigner de la capitale, et j'espere de la loyauté Polonoise qu'elles ne seront pas inquiétées dans leurs mouvements pour rejoindre l'empire. Je recommande de même tous les établissements, propriétés, et les individus à la protection de la nation Polonoise, et les mets sous la sauvegarde de la loi la plus sacrée." (*Warsaw, ce 2em Decbre 1830.*) The Poles, thus appealed to, magnanimously permitted their oppressor to retreat unmolested; although the Russian troops under his command, as usual, committed excesses on their route, and destroyed among others a new and beautiful villa of the Countess Wonsowicz. The Polish army now rallied round Warsaw; many of those Poles who had deserted the interests of their country for the guilty honours of Constantine's court, were generously retained in their commands; and it is to the praise of the Polish character, that none of them betrayed their trust. General Chlopicki was placed at the head of affairs, both civil and military. But one of those many evils, which are inseparable from all moments of excitement, now appeared in the form of a most mischievous Club, calling itself patriotic, and which indeed had sprung up with the first days of the revolution; but the early adherence of the greater nobles to the cause of their country had checked its building ambition; and a Provisional Government under Czartoryski, Niemcewicz, and others, had been appointed, by whose prudence it was hoped that external warfare and internal strife might be avoided. Unfortunately, some secret members of this club gained admission into the provisional government, and by their influence and communications encouraged its proceedings. A national diet was convoked; the resources of the country were called forth; and the government, without relaxing from warlike preparations, awaited the result of a deputation which had been despatched to St. Petersburg; for as yet there was no intention of throwing off allegiance to Nicholas. All acts were still carried on in his name; and the Poles sought only for a deliverance from oppression, and for the preservation of their rights. In this spirit the deputation waited on Nicholas, and having explained the causes and nature of the revolt, required a recognition and fulfilment of those constitutional stipulations which had been entered into by Alexander, which Nicholas himself had accepted by a solemn oath; and which were declared by a treaty to which all the great powers of Europe were parties, to be the bond by which Poland was bound to Russia. Thus far they were within the strictest letter of the law. But affection for their fellow countrymen, faith in the repeated promises and pledges of the Emperor Alexander, and a just interpretation of part of the first article of the general treaty of Vienna, which provided, in 1815, for that incorporation of the Russian Polish provinces which had not taken place in 1831, led them to add to the above strictly legal demands, that of fulfilling the moral obligation which the treaty imposed with respect to the Polish subjects of Russia. It is needless to add, that the Emperor Nicholas rejected all these requisitions; and haughtily demanded absolute submission and implicit confidence in his paternal intentions. The Poles laid their case before the courts of Europe; but those powers who were parties to the treaty of Vienna appear to have declined all active interference.

All negotiations having failed, the Poles prepared for resistance. Their means were insignificant in comparison to those of their gigantic opponent. Four millions against fifty millions! Such odds were terrific; but right feeling was strong on the side of the Poles; and they looked, and with reason, for the assistance of their eight millions of brethren beyond the Bug and the Niemen. Poland, too, possessed an admirable army of 40,000 men, furnished with every necessary equipment for the field; and the magazines were supplied with arms &c. sufficient for as many more.

Chlopicki was declared dictator, as well as generalissimo, and a *levee en masse* was decreed. The zeal of the Polish patriots was unbounded. Meanwhile the veteran army, that had planted the eagles of Russia on the walls of Adrianople, approached under the command of its victorious chief. But the renowned passer of the Balkan was doomed to bite the dust on the plains of Poland. Chlopicki, after three days' hard fighting, drove his innumerable battalions back from the walls of Praga. The moral influence of this repulse was immense. The Russians retreated; and Chlopicki, suffering severely from a wound, resigned the command to Skrzynecki, who, from the rank of colonel, was thus suddenly, as worthily, raised, by the testimony of his comrades, and by the order of the diet, to the command of the Poles.

Our confined limits forbid our following in detail the brilliant operations of the war. For many doubtful, and to them glorious months, the Poles kept at bay the whole power of Russia, led on by her chosen commander, and animated by the presence of two of her grand dukes. The indomitable Skrzynecki added victory to victory; and Europe began to hope that the miraculous campaign of John Sobieski was about to be renewed. And truly, had the Poles remained constant to their chief, and had Prussia faithfully maintained her neutrality, the Russians would have been in front of Warsaw still. For, so long as they could attack it only in front, the military genius of Skrzynecki, supported by the valour of his troops, made a Lisbon of Warsaw, and a Torres Vedras of Praga and the Vistula. When the Russians kept together, they were too strong to justify Skrzynecki in making a direct attack; but he remembered Portugal; and the same well concerted partisan operations on the flanks and rear of the Russians in Volhynia and Lithuania, produced the same well foreseen want of provisions, and consequent retreat of the army of Diebitch, as those of Trant and Wilson did in that of Massena. If Lord Wellington's lines of Torres Vedras were less dependant, and his place of arms more secure, the insurgents of Volhynia and Lithuania, on the other hand, were infinitely more warlike than the Spaniards or Portuguese, and afforded far better materials for efficient co-operation. Both retreating generals were pursued by kindred spirits; and even greater successes rewarded the Polish hero than attended his great British prototype; for Diebitch, with less discretion than Massena, divided his corps, and was cut up in detail; leaving no less than 20 pieces of cannon and 20,000 prisoners in the hands of the Poles. The defeated Russians were speedily recruited, and advancing from the Bug and the Narew failed again from the same causes; and this second attempt closed with the dangerous but important victory of Ostroienka, by which the Russian communications were intercepted, and an opportunity afforded for the more general organization of the insurrection of the Russian Polish provinces. But now, when all was hope in Europe, and when Polish valor and Polish genius were likely to reap their reward, the seemingly unmitigable evil destiny of this unhappy land prevailed.

Jacobinism and envy caused the superseding of Skrzynecki; who, with an unchangeable patriotism, obtained permission to serve in a subordinate rank; and, more fatally still, Prussia lent a perfidious succour to the Russians, by affording supplies from her fertile provinces of East Prussia, which henceforth became the unattackable basis for those future Russian operations under Paskewitch, by which the otherwise impregnable position of Warsaw was turned. This perfidy of Prussia, and the lukewarmness of the rest of Europe in the cause of Poland, added to the vehemence and the ascendancy of the Jacobins. Violences occurred within Warsaw; and General Krukowieski ventured to assume the station which had been occupied by Prince Czartoryski and Skrzynecki. The moral feeling of the revolution was tainted. The army was indeed strong; the defences of Warsaw might have been well manned; the streets were barricaded, and the citizens were in arms; but faults, disasters, and defeats, followed thickly; and the evil day dawned when Warsaw, trusting to Nicholas's vehement appeals to Heaven, and to his and to Paskewitch's solemn protestations opened her gates. Her valiant army retired; the Russians took possession of the city upon the faith of an amnesty, which, as usual, was granted but to be broken; and the work of confiscation, so acceptable to Russian profusion and cupidity, once more recommenced, and has not yet ceased.

Many Polish generals—Radzivil, Turno, Zichunka, Prondzynski, and others—have, in violation of that amnesty, been dragged into Russia or Siberia; some have been forced into the Russian ranks. Prince Romoin Sangusko, a descendant of the Jagellons, has been degraded from his high rank to the condition of a serf; and is now, while we write these mournful pages, proceeding on foot, with his head shaved, to the shores of the Polar Sea, to suffer forced labour as a galley slave. The Prince Sapicha, lately in possession of a revenue of half a million of francs, and intimately connected with this country, has been saved from a similar fate by escaping to America at the price of utter ruin. Prince Adam Czartoryski, another Jagellon, the worthy descendant of Poland's earliest and best reformers, and himself the chief of her late administration, is now an honoured exile in England; where, as well as in the rest of Europe, he has been long known and highly esteemed. Such has been the fate of the leaders. The subordinate officers and sol-

\* This General attended the Grand Duke Constantine to the frontiers in order to protect him from the insurgents, and now meets with exile for his reward.

diers have been forcibly drafted into regiments serving in the Caucasus, in Finland, and on the shores of the Black and of the White Sea. Others have been carried off to re-people, or re-stock, distant provinces. The religion also of those provinces, determined by the Congress of Vienna required the preservation of their national institutions and privileges, and was executed to that degree, that, by an imperial decree, the 5th November 1831, the erection of Catholic churches in Podolia is forbidden; and one priest is allowed to the whole district, who, it is observed, will be most tolerant consideration may be useful, particularly about Easter. The even course of justice, too, may be judged of from the following imperial letter to the Governor of Wilna, officially published on the 3d of December 1831: which, after praising the Governor, pour les mesures energiques que vous avez prises pour exterminer ces brigands—the remains of the Lithuanian army—proceeds thus: "si vous trouvez que leur execution a été arrêtée par les formes des tribunaux, et si dans votre opinion vous les trouvez coupables, vous les ferez aussitôt subir la peine de mort." Such are the element methods of Russian conciliation, and such the Russian manner of fulfilling an amnesty!

Prussia, too, not content with having afforded a basis for the Russian forces, by which means Warsaw fell, has added perfidy to her breach of neutrality. The corps of General Rybinski, amounting to 15,000 men, being pressed by overpoweringly superior forces, sought refuge within the Prussian territories; upon the faith of a government which pledged itself to afford protection and subsistence to them, on condition of their surrendering their arms and material. The Poles complied with these conditions; but after having been subsisted for two months at a rate just above starvation, and infinitely below the value of the material surrendered, the Prussian government, upon the pretence of a general amnesty having been granted by Russia, ordered those officers who would not return to Poland forthwith to quit Prussia; and, under the direction of General Rummel and his aide-de-camp, Major Brandt, endeavored to force the other officers and soldiers to re-enter Poland. Thousands refused, when General Rummel actually ordered his troops to load and fire on them. The Poles stood firm; and for this time, the Prussian was content with a threat. The half-starved men were marched back to their wretched cantonment; every menace and privation was employed to drive them into Poland; but they would not stir. At length, under pretence of a change of quarters, they were marched, in separate detachments, through bypaths to the Polish frontiers, and blows and main force were employed to urge them across. Still they refused. The Prussian patience was exhausted; and a Capt. Richter, and others, fired on and charged these miserable men; nineteen of whom were left dead on the ground. But yet would not the Poles submit themselves to a Russian amnesty; they were therefore huddled into open barns and sheds, (it was the middle of December,) and left to be starved or frozen into compliance. The neighbouring peasants afforded them some little succour. Many endeavored to escape; of whom the greater part were seized by the Prussian authorities as deserters, and, on that plea, delivered up to Russia. But the Prussian government, at length roused to a sense of shame, recalled General Rummel and his aide-de-camp, and placed the surviving Poles once more in cantonments in the neighbourhood of Marienbourg. This desperate resistance of these Polish peasants and soldiers, offers a melancholy comment on the Russian amnesty. Those who did return to Poland were, as they well foresaw, and as Prussia well foreknew, seized on by the Russian authorities, and, in contempt of all faith, drafted by sections into different Russian regiments; and marched off to the four quarters of its dreary empire, under the atrocious pretence of giving them subsistence, and the privileges—the privileges of Russians! That is, Russia first robs the Poles of their country, their rights, and their property, and then graciously makes them soldiers lest they should starve, whilst she adds the merciful immunities of the knout. So much for the great military monarchies. (To be continued.)

## TOM CRINGLE'S LOG.

SCENES IN JAMAICA.

Continued.

The wine circulated freely, and by and by Fyall indulged in some remarkable stories of his youth, for he was the only speaker, which I found some difficulty in swallowing, until at length, on one thumper being tumbled, involving an impossibility, and utterly indigestible, I involuntarily exclaimed, "By Jupiter!"

"You want any ting, massa," promptly chimed in the black servant at my elbow, a diminutive kiln-dried old negro.

"No," said I, rather caught.

"Oh, metink you call for Jupiter."

I looked in the labourer's face—"Why, if I did what then?"

"Only me Jupiter, at massa sarvice, dat all."

"You are, eh, no great shakes of a Thunderer; and who is that tall square man standing behind your master's chair?"

"Daddy Cupid, massa."

"And the old woman who is carrying away the dishes in the Piazza?"

"Mammy Weenus."

"Daddy Cupid, and Mammy Weenus—Shade 'em Homer!"

Jupiter, to my surprise, shrunk from my side as I



he had received a blow, and the next moment I could hear him communing with Venus in the Piazza.

'For true, dat beetle man of war, Buccra, must be Obeah man; how de debil him come to sabe dat it was stable boy, Homer, who broke de candle shade on massa right hand, dat one wid de piece broken out of de edge; and here he pointed towards it with his chin—a negro always points with his chin.

I had never slept on shore before; the night season in the country in dear old England, we all know, is usually one of the deepest stillness—here it was any thing but still;—as the evening closed in, there arose a loud humming noise, a compound of the buzzing, and chirping, and whistling, and croaking of numberless reptiles and insects, on the earth, in the air, and in the water. I was awakened out of my first sleep by it, not that the sound was disagreeable, but it was unusual; and every now and then a beetle the size of your thumb would bang in through the open window, cruise round the room with a noise like a humming top, and then dance a quadrille with half a dozen bats; while the fire-flies glanced like sparks, splashing the folds of the muslin curtains of the bed. The croak of the tree-toad, too, a gentle reptile, with all the usual loquacious properties of his species, about the size of the crown of your hat, sounded from the neighbouring swam, like some one snoring in the Piazza, bleating harmoniously with the nasal concert got up by Jupiter, and some other heathen deities, who were sleeping there almost naked, excepting the head, which every negro swatches during the night with as much flannel and as many handkerchiefs as he can command. By the way, they all slept on their faces—I wonder if this will account for their flat noses.

Next morning we started at day-light, cracking along at the rate of twelve knots an hour in a sort of gig, with one horse in the shafts, and another hooked on a breast of him to a sort of studding-sail boom, or outrigger, and followed by three mounted servants, each with a led horse and two sumpter mules.

In the evening we arrived at an estate under his management, having passed a party of maroons immediately before. I never saw finer men—tall, strapping fellows, dressed exactly as they should be, and the climate requires; wide duck trousers, over these a loose shirt of duck also, gathered at the waist by a broad leather belt, through which, on one side, their short cutlass is stuck, and on the other hangs a leathern pouch for balls; a loose shawl across one shoulder, supports on the opposite hip a large powder-horn and haversack. Thus, with a straw hat, and a short gun in their hand, with a sling to be used on a march, completes their equipment. In better keeping with the climate, than the padded coats, heavy caps, tight cross-belts, and ponderous muskets of our regulars. As we drove up to the door, the overseer began to bawl, "Boys! boys!" and kept blowing a dog call. All servants in the country in the West Indies, be they as old as Methuselah, are called boys. In the present instance, half a dozen black fellows forthwith appeared, to take our language, and attend on 'massa' in other respects. The great man was as austere to the poor overseer, as if he had been guilty of some misdeed; and after a few short, crabbed words, desired him to get supper, "do you hear?"

The meat consisted of plantation fare,—salted fish, plantains and yams, and a piece of goat mutton. Another 'observe,'—a south-down mutton, after sojourning a year or two here, does not become a goat exactly, but he changes his heavy warm fleece, and wears long hair; and his progeny after him, if bred on the hot plains, never assume the wool again. Mr. Fyall and I sat down, and then in walked four nutes, stout young fellows, not over-well dressed, and with faces burnt to the colour of brick-dust. They were the book-keepers, so called because they never see a book, their province being to attend the negroes in the field, and to superintend the manufacture of sugar and rum in the boiling and distilling houses.

One of them, the Head Bookkeeper, as he was called, appeared literally roasted by the intensity of the sun's rays. "How is Baldy Steer?" said the overseer to this person.

"Better to-day, sir—I drenched him with train-oil and sulphur."

"The devil you did," thought I—"alas! for Baldy." And Mary, and Caroline, and the rest of that lot? Are sent to Perkins's Red Rover, sir, &c. &c.

The knife and fork dropped from my hands. What an all this mean! is this their boasted kindness to their slaves? But I soon perceived that the baked man was the cowboy, or shepherd of the estate, making his report of the casualties amongst his bullocks, mules, and heifers.

"Juliet Ridge will not yield, sir," quoth another. Who is this next? a stubborn concern she must be. "The liquor is very poor." Here he helped himself to rum and water, the rum coming up about an inch in the glass, regular half and half, fit to float a marlin-spike.

"It is more than yours is," thought I; and I again stared in wonderment, until I perceived he spoke of the juice of a cane patch.

At this time a tall, lathy gentleman came in, wearing a most original cut coat. He was a most extraordinary built man; he had absolutely no body, but what was wanted in corpus was made up in legs, indeed he looked like a pair of compasses, buttoned together at the shoulders, and supporting a yellow fiddle half a yard long, thatched with a fell of sandy hair falling down lank and greasy on each side of his face. Fyall called him Buckskin, which, with some other

circumstances, made me guess that he was neither more nor less than an American smuggler. After supper, a glass of punch was filled for each person; the overseer gave a rap on the table with his knuckles, and off started the book-keepers, like shots out of shovels, leaving the Yankee, Mr. Fyall, the overseer, and myself, at table.

I was very tired, and reckoned on going to bed now—but no such thing. Fyall ordered Jupiter to bring a case from his gig-box, containing some capital brandy; a new brewage of punch took place, and I found about the small hours, that we were all verging fast towards drunkenness, or something very like that same. The Yankee was specially plied by Fyall, evidently with an object, and he soon succeeded in making him helplessly drunk.

The fun now 'grew fast and furious,'—a large wash-tub was ordered in, placed under a beam at the corner of the room, and filled with water, a sack and a three inch rope were then called for, and promptly produced by the blackies, who, apparently accustomed to Fyall's pranks, grinned with delight. Buckskin was thrust into the sack, feet foremost; the mouth of it was then gathered round his throat with a string, and I was set to apply a bight in the rope, so as to fit under his arms without running, which might have choked him. All things being prepared, the sack end was thrown over the beam. He was soured in the tub, the world was given to hoist away, and we ran him up to the roof, and then belayed the rope round the body of the overseer, who was able to sit on his chair, and that was all. The cold bath, and the being hung up to dry, speedily sobered the American, but his arms being within the sack, he could do nothing for his own emancipation; he kept swearing, however, and entreating, and dancing with rage, every jerk drawing the cord tighter round the waist of the overseer, who, unaware of his situation, thought himself bewitched as he was drawn with violence by starts along the floor, with the chair as it were glued to him. At length the patient extricated one of his arms, and laying hold of the beam above him, drew himself up, and then letting go his hold suddenly, fairly lifted the drunken overseer, chair and all, several feet from the ground, so as to bring him on a level with himself, and then, in mid air, began to punnell his counterpoise with right good-will. At length, fearful of the consequences from the fury into which the man had worked himself, Fyall and I dashed out the candles, and fled to our rooms, where, after barricading the doors, we shouted to the servants to let the gentlemen down.

The next morning had been fixed for duck shooting, and the overseer and I were creeping along amongst the mangrove bushes on the shore to get a shot at some teal, when we saw our friend, the pair of compasses, crossing the small bay in his boat towards his little pilot-boat-built schooner, which was moored in a small creek opposite the brushwood concealing every thing but her masts. My companion, as wild an Irishman as I ever knew, hailed him,—

"Hillo, Obeliah—Buckskin—you Yankee rascal, heave to. Come ashore here—come ashore!"

Obed, smoking his pipe, deliberately uncoiled himself. I thought, as he rose, there was to be no end of him—and stood upright in the boat, like an ill-rigged jury-mast.

"I say, Master Tummas, you ben't no friend of mine, I guess, a'ter last night's work; you hears how I coughs,"—and he began to wheeze and crow in a most remarkable fashion.

"Never mind," rejoined the overseer; "if you go round that point, and put up the ducks, by the piper, but I'll fire at you!"

Obed neighed like a horse expecting his oats, which was meant as a laugh of derision. "Do you think your birding-piece can touch me here away, Master Tummas?" Whereupon he nickered more loudly than before.

"Don't provoke me to try you, you yellow snake, you!"

"Try, and be —"

The Overseer, or *Bushin*, to give him his Jamaica name, looked at me and smiled, then coolly lifted his long Spanish barrel, and fired. Down dropped the smuggler, and ashore came the boat.

"I am mortally wounded, Master Tummas," quoth Obed; and I was confoundedly frightened at first, but the overseer, as soon as he could get off the ground, where he had thrown himself in an uncontrollable fit of laughter, had the man stripped and laid across a log, where he set his servant to pick out the pellets with a penknife.

Next night I was awakened out of my first sleep by a peculiar sort of tap, tap, on the floor, as if a cat with walnut shells had been moving about the room. The feline race, in all its varieties, is my detestation, so I slipped out of bed to expel the intruder, but the instant my toe touched the ground, it was seized as if by a smith's forceps. I drew it into bed, but the annoyance followed it; and in an agony of alarm and pain, I thrust my hand down, when my thumb was instantly manacled to the other suffering member. I now lost my wits altogether, and roared murder, which brought a servant in with a light, and there I was, thumb and toe, in the clinch of a land-crab.

I had been exceedingly struck with the beauty of the negro villages on the old settled estates, which are usually situated in the most picturesque spots, and I determined to visit the one which lay on a sunny bank, full in view from my window, divided on two sides from the cane pieces by a precipitous ravine, and on the other two by a high logwood hedge, so like haw-

thorn, that I could scarcely tell the difference, even when close to it.

At a distance it had the appearance of one entire orchard of fruit-trees, where were mingled together the pyramidal orange in fruit and in flower, the former in all its stages from green to dropping ripe,—the citron, lemon, and lime-trees, the stately, glossy-leaved star-apple, the golden shaddock and grape-fruit, with their slender branches bending under their ponderous yellow fruit,—the cashew, with its apple like those of the cities of the plain, far to look at, but acrid to the taste, to which the fat-famed nut is appended like a bud,—the avocado, with its brooding pear, as large as a purser's lantern,—the bread-fruit, with a leaf that would have covered Adam like a Bishop's apron, and a fruit for all the world in size and shape like a Blackamoor's head; while for underwood you had the green, fresh, dew-splangled plantain, round which in the hottest day there is always a halo of coolness,—the coco nut, the yam and granadilla, with their long vines twining up the neighbouring trees and shrubs like hop tendrils,—and pease and beans in all their endless variety of blossom and of odour, from the Lima bean, with a stalk as thick as my arm, to the mouse pea, three inches high,—the pine-apple, literally growing in, and constituting, with its prickly leaves, part of the hedgerows,—the custard apple, like russet bags of cold pudding,—the cocoa and coffee bushes, and the devil knows what all that is delightful in nature besides; while aloft, the tall graceful coco-nut, the majestic palm, and the gigantic wild cotton-tree, shot up here and there like minarets far above the rest, high into the blue heavens.

I entered one of the narrow winding footpaths, where an immense variety of convolvuli crept along the penguin fences, disclosing their delicate flowers in the morning freshness, (all that class here shut shop at noon,) and passion flowers of all sizes, from a soup-plate to a thumb ring. The huts were substantially thatched with palm leaves, and the walls woven with a basket work of twigs, plastered over with clay, and whitewashed; the floors were of baked clay, dry and comfortable. They all consisted of a hall and a sleeping room off each side of it; in many of the former I noticed mahogany side-boards, and chairs, and glass decanters, while a whole lot of African drums and flutes, and sometimes a good gun, hung from the rafters; and it would have gladdened an Irishman's heart to have seen the adjoining piggeries. Before one of the houses an old woman was taking care of a dozen black infants, little naked, glossy, black guinea-pigs, with parti-coloured beads tied round their loins, each squatted like a little Indian pagod in the middle of a large wooden bowl, to keep it off the damp ground. While I was pursuing my ramble, a large conch shell was blown at the overseer's house, and the different gangs turned in to dinner; they came along dancing and shouting, and playing tricks on each other in the little paths, in all the happy anticipation of a good dinner, and an hour and a half to eat it in, the men well clad in Osnaburg frocks and trousers, and the women in baize petticoats and Osnaburg shifts, with a neat printed calico short gown over all. "And these are slaves," thought I, "and this is West Indian bondage! Oh that some of my well-meaning anti-slavery friends were here, to judge from the evidence of their own senses!"

The following night there was to be a grand play or wake in the negro houses, over the head cooper, who had died in the morning, and I determined to be present at it, although the overseer tried to dissuade me, saying that no white person ever broke in on these orgies, that the negroes were very averse to their doing so, and that neither he, nor any of the white people on the estate, had ever been present on such an occasion. This very interdict excited my curiosity still more; so I rose about midnight, and let myself gently down through the window, and shaped my course in the direction of the negro houses, guided by a loud drumming, which, as I came nearer, every now and then sank into a low murmuring roll, when a strong bass voice would burst forth into a wild recitative; to which succeeded a loud piercing chorus of female voices, during which the drums were beaten with great vehemence; this was succeeded by another solo, and so on. There was no moon, and I had to thread my way along one of the winding footpaths by star-light. When I arrived within a stone-cast of the hut before which the play was being held, I left the beaten track, and crept onwards, until I gained the shelter of the stem of a wild cotton tree, behind which I skulked unseen.

The scene was wild enough. Before the door a circle was formed by about twenty women, all in their best clothes, sitting on the ground, and swaying their bodies to and fro, while they sung in chorus the wild dirge already mentioned, the words of which I could not make out; in the centre of the circle sat four men playing on gumbies, or the long drum already described, while a fifth stood behind them, with a conch shell, which he kept sounding at intervals. Other three negroes kept circling round the outer verge of the circle of women, naked all to their waist cloths, spinning about and about with their hands above their heads, like so many dancing dervishes. It was one of these three that from time to time took up the recitative, the female chorus breaking in after each line. Close to the drummers lay the body in an open coffin, supported on two low stools or tressels; a piece of flaming resinous wood was stuck in the ground at the head, and another at the feet, and a lump of kneaded clay, in which another torch-like splinter was fixed,

rested on the breast. An old man, naked like the solo singer, was digging a grave close to where the body lay. The following was the chant:—

"I say, broder, you can't go yet!"

*Chorus of Female Voices.*

"When de morning star rise, den we put you in a hole."

*Chorus.*

"Den you go in a Africa, you see Fetish dere."

*Chorus.*

"You shall nyam goat dere, wid all your family."

*Chorus.*

"Buccra can't come dere; say, dam rascal, why you no work?"

*Chorus.*

"Buccra can't catch Duppy," no, no."

*Chorus.*

Three calabashes, or gourds, with pork, yams, and rum, were placed on a small bench that stood close to the head of the bier, and at right angles to it.

In a little while, the women, singing men, and drummers, suddenly gave a loud shout, or rather yell, clapped their hands three times, and then rushed into the surrounding cottages, leaving the old gravedigger alone with the body.

He had completed the grave, and had squatted himself on his hams beside the coffin, swinging his body as the women had done, and uttering a low moaning sound, frequently ending in a loud peech, like that of a pavior when he brings down his rammer.

I noticed he kept looking towards the east, watching as I conjectured, the first appearance of the morning star, but it was as yet too early.

He lifted the gourd with the pork, and took a large mouthful.

"How is dis? I cant put dis meat in Quacco's coffin, dere is salt in de pork; Duppy can't bear salt; another large mouthful—Duppy hate salt too much,"—here he ate it all up, and placed the empty gourd in the coffin. He then took up the one with boiled yam in it, and tasted it also.

"Salt here too—who de debil do such a ting?—must not let Duppy taste dat." He discussed this also, placing the empty vessel in the coffin as he had done with the other. He then came to the calabash with the rum. There is no salt there, thought I.

"Run! ah, Duppy love rum—if it be well strong, let me see—Massa Niger, who put water in a dis rum, eh? Duppy will never touch dat"—a long pull—no, no, never touch dat. Here he finished the whole, and placed the empty vessel beside the others; then gradually sunk back on his hams with his mouth open, and his eyes staring from the sockets, as he peered up into the tree, apparently at some terrible object. I looked up also, and saw a large yellow snake, nearly ten feet long, let itself gradually down, directly over the coffin, with its tail round the limb of the cotton tree, until its head reached within a inch of the dead man's face, which it loked with its long forked tongue, uttering a long hissing noise.

I was fascinated with horror, and could not move a muscle; at length the creature swung itself up again, and disappeared amongst the branches.

Quacco gained courage, as the rum began to operate, and the snake to disappear. "Come to catch Quacco's Duppy, before him get to Africa, sure as can be. De metody parson say de devil, old sarpan, dat must be old sarpan, for I never see so big one, so it must be devil."

He caught a glimpse of my face at this moment; it seemed that I had no powers of fascination like the snake, for he roared out: "Murder, murder, de devil, de devil, first like a serpent, den like himself; see him white face behind de tree; see him white face behind de tree;" and then, in the extremity of his fear, he put head foremost into the grave, leaving his quivering legs, and feet sticking upwards, as if he had been planted by the head.

A number of negroes ran out of the nearest houses, and to my surprise, four white seamen appeared among them, who, the moment they got sight of my uniform, as I ran away, gave chase, and immediately pinioned me. They were all armed, and I had no doubt were part of the crew of the smuggling schooner, and that they had a depot amongst the negro houses. "Yo ho, my hearty, heave to, or here goes with a brace of bullets."

I told them who I was, and that curiosity alone brought me there.

"Gammon, tell that to the marines; you're a spy, messmate, and on board you go with us, so sure as I be Paul Brandywine."

Here was a change with a vengeance. An hour before I was surrounded by friends, and resting comfortably in my warm bed, and now I was a prisoner to a set of brigands, who were smugglers at the least, and what might they not be at the worst? I had no chance of escape by any sudden effort of strength or activity, for a piece of a handspike had been thrust across my back, passing under both of my arms, which were tightly lashed to it, as if I had been trussed for roasting, so that I could no more run, with a chance of escape, than a goose without his pinions. After we left the negro houses, I perceived with some surprise, that my captors kept the beaten tract, leading directly to, and past the overseer's dwelling.

"Come, here is a chance, at all events," argued I to myself. "If I get within hail, I will alarm the lieges, if a deuced good pipe don't fail me."

This determination had scarcely been framed in my mind, when, as if my very thoughts had been au-

\* Duppy, G.Rot.

dable, the smuggler next me on the right hand drew a pistol, and held it close to my starboard ear.

"Friend, if you tries the house, or speaks to any Nigger, or other person we meets, I'll walk through your skull with two ounces of lead."

"You are particularly obliging," said I; "but what do you promise yourselves by carrying me off? Were you to murder me, you would be none the richer; for I have no valuables about me, as you may easily ascertain by searching me."

"And do you think that freeborn Americans like we have kidnapped you for your dirty rings, and watch, and mayhap a few dollars, which I takes you to mean by your waluboles, as you calls them?"

"Why, then, what, in the devil's name, have you kidnapped me for? And I began to feel my cholera overpowering my discretion, when Master Paul Brandywine, who I now suspected to be the mate of the smuggler, took the small liberty of jerking the land-yard, that had been made fast to the middle of the handspike, so violently, that I thought my both my shoulders were dislocated; for I fairly checked down on my back, just as you may see a pig-merchant on the Fermo road bring an uproarious boar to his narrowbones; while the man, who had previously threatened to blow my brains out, knelt beside me, and civilly insinuated, that "if I was tired of my life, he calculated I had better speak as loud again."

There was no jest in all this; so I had nothing for it but to walk silently along with my escort, after having gathered myself up as well as I could. We crept so close under the windows of the overseer's house, where we picked up a lot of empty anklers, slung on a long pole, that I fancied I heard, or really did hear, some one snore—oh how I envied the sleeper! At length we reached the beach, where we found two men lying on their ears, in what, so far as I could distinguish, appeared to be a sharp swift-looking whale boat, which they kept close to, with her head forward, however, to be ready for a start, should any thing suspicious appear close to them.

"The boat-keeper hailed promptly, 'Who goes there,' as they feathered their oars.

"The Tidy little wave, was the answer.

No more words passed, and the men who had, in the first instance, pulled a stroke or two to give the boat way, now backed water, and tailed her on to the beach, when we all stepped on board.

Two of my captors now took each an oar: we shoved off, and glanced away through the darkness, along the smooth surface of the sparkling sea, until we reached the schooner, by this time hauled out into the fair way at the mouth of the cove, where she lay hove short with her mainsail hoisted up, riding to the land-wind, and apparently all ready to cant and be off the moment the boat returned.

As we came alongside, the captain of her, my friend Obediah, as I had no difficulty in guessing from his very out of the way configuration dark as it was, called out, "I says, Paul who have you got in the starn-sheets there?"

"A Moody spy, captain; he who was with the over-seer when he peppered your sheathing tother morning."

"Oh, bring him on board—bring him on board. I knows there be a man-of-war schooner close aboard of the island, somewhere hereabouts. I sees through it all, smash my eyes!—I sees through it!—But what kept you, Paul? Don't you see the morning-star has risen?"

By this time I stood on the deck of the little vessel, which was not above a foot out of the water; and Obediah, as he spoke, pointed to the small dark pit of a companion, for there was no light below, nor indeed any where on board, except in the binnacle, and that carefully masked, indicating by his threatening manner, that I was to get below as speedily as possible.

"Don't you see the morning-star, sir? Why the sun will be up in an hour, I calculate, and then the sea-breeze will be down on us before we get any thing of an offing."

The mention of the morning-star recalled vividly to my recollection the scene I had so recently witnessed at the negro wake; it seemed there was another person beside poor Quacco, likely to be crammed into a hole before the day broke, and to be carried to Africa, too, for what I knew; but one must needs go when the devil drives, so I slipped down into the cabin, and the schooner having weighed, made sail to the northward.

## THE CONSTELLATION.

EDITED BY A. GREENE.

NEW YORK, AUGUST 4, 1832.

### NERVOUS APPREHENSIONS.

MR. EDITOR,—I am of somewhat of a nervous temperament, and therefore subject to considerable tremors on slight occasions; but I scorn to turn my back on the Cholera. I have seen service, and stood where the bullets flew thick around me; wherefore then should I fly from this new enemy.

But though, as I said, I scorn to turn my back on the pestilence, I cannot for the life of me prevent the effects of nervous apprehension. The sight of the frequent hearse—or rather of the dead carts, as they are called—carrying the deceased to their graves, almost ere the breath is well out of their bodies; the coarse coffins, prepared of boards, slung, as it were

together, in haste; the large pits, were coffin is let down upon coffin; the absence of any holy man to say a prayer over the grave; these and the thousand appalling circumstances which wait on the epidemic, are abundantly sufficient to throw any set of weak nerves into a most uncomfortable tremor. I must confess they affect mine.

To be seized with cramps and asphyxia; to close one's eyes so suddenly; to be buried in such perilous haste; to have no friend who dares follow you to the grave; no funeral ceremonies; no long and solemn procession to usher you to another world; is indeed to invest death with more than his ordinary share of terrors. The pomp and circumstance of being buried with the usual honors, albeit unappreciated and unfelt by the dead, carry with them somewhat of a soothing aspect in regard to the living. But after dying choleric, to be huddled to the grave with a panic, presents no agreeable prospect to the lookers on, who know not how soon their turn may come, so to die, and so to be huddled away.

The watchfulness, the vigilance, the constant care necessary to be exercised in all you do, whether in eating, drinking, business, or recreation, is sufficient to fill a man's mind with perpetual apprehension. Mr. Editor, did you ever cross a deep stream on a narrow plank? so narrow, that the smallest variation to the right or left would plunge you into the abyss? The very apprehension of falling is enough to make you tremble in every joint, if not actually to produce the catastrophe which you are so anxious to avoid. With such, or similar feelings, one subsists when surrounded with this Asiatic pestilence. He knows not but he is eating death in every morsel of food, or drinking it in every drop of drink. He fears to eat too little, and he fears alike to eat too much. He doubts what kind of diet to prefer: animal food is heating, and endangers inflammation; vegetable food, besides being debilitating, turns acid on the stomach; and both prepare the way for the cholera. Spirituous liquor is decidedly bad, and daily prepares its victims for the pestilence; pure Adam's ale is but cold and watery, and leaves the system sadly exposed to the disease.

Thus he reasons, and thus he apprehends. In regard to amusements, to pleasures and to social intercourse, he is similarly affected. To dance, to laugh, to sing—to be jovial and lively—seems to him like sporting on the verge of the grave; while, on the other hand, to dwell too much on the sad condition of things around him, is dangerous and predisposes the system for an attack of the pestilence. Exercise fatigues, and is perilous; want of exercise enervates, and is equally perilous. Thus, pulled each way by contending apprehensions,

"He hangs between, in doubt to act or rest;" and if he does not actually get the cholera; if his body escapes the cramps and pains of the disease, his mind undergoes the most uncomfortable spasms.

But what I principally purposed, was, to give you an account of my individual feelings. These are most apt to be excited in the night, and especially while in bed. Now, thinks I to myself, if the cholera should attack me at the dead of night, and nobody at hand (I sleep alone, Mr. Editor) to render me any aid, what shall I do? Cramped, burning with inward heat, racked with fierce pains, seized with asphyxia—I shall die to a certainty! die alone, without the chance of help, without any physician to prescribe, without any friend to close my eyes!

The very darkness adds to these apprehensions. People are more apt to be alarmed with the same feelings in the night than in the day-time. Then fancy tries to persuade me that I feel the approaching symptoms of the disease. She aggravates every uneasy sensation. She magnifies slight nervous twitchings into very forcible spasms; and changes the least soluble state of the bowels into a galloping diarrhoea.

In sober truth, Mr. Editor, I have felt very queer during these cholera nights. Sometimes a numbness in my little finger; sometimes a twitching in my great toe; sometimes a starting of the tendons at my wrists or my ankles; sometimes a buzzing in my ears; sometimes a burning in my epigastric region. Now, thinks I to myself, the cholera is coming in good earnest! I begin already to feel numb in my extremities! No doctor, no person near—I shall be food for worms before the morrow!

However, I exclaim, to myself, I will not die without some exertion to save myself. Then I start up, rub the cramp out of my great toe, the numbness out of my little finger, and fancy that there is some hopes of me yet. I throw myself back on my pillow, cover up carefully to keep out the night air, ejaculate a short prayer to heaven—as much as to say, "From sudden death, good Lord, deliver me!" and then resign myself again to sleep.

But the state between sleeping and waking is the most uncomfortable. Then reason lets go the reins,

and fancy takes them; and having once got them in her hands, she whips, and drives, and plays what tricks she pleases. Now it has got me! now! now! the cholera asphyxia has seized me. I feel it pressing at my heart. I feel a forty-four pound weight on my chest. I muster my energies to throw it off; and in struggling, wake myself from my half sleep, and find to my great satisfaction, I am not quite so badly off as I imagined.

I now have time to think and reflect a little; to con over what I have read in the newspapers respecting the cholera; and to compare my own symptoms with those ascribed to the disease. But this comparison is by no means comfortable; for as apprehension is still present with her magnifying glass—or, I might perhaps say, with her creating glass—the symptoms, enumerated in the papers, may easily be imagined to be present. Now, thinks I to myself, if I had only run away, like my neighbors, I might have slept in safety, without any fears of cramps, numbness, asphyxia, and death. But, as I have declared repeatedly, I scorn to turn my back on the cholera.

I endeavor to be temperate in all things. I eschew brandy, champagne, late suppers, and politics. I walk as little as may be in the sun, and sit as little as may be in the night air. I witness no tragic representations at the theatre; and, above all, I endeavor not to get in a passion, for that is decidedly choleric. I minister what I can to the wants of my suffering neighbors; attend to my ordinary duties, and concerns; and leave the rest to heaven. Nervous apprehensions I cannot avoid; but they shall not drive me away, nor make me act the part of a coward.

Yours, &c. NEURON.

MR. EDITOR,—The following Petition was picked up near one of the gates of the Park. The original copy is now in my possession; but being written in the vernacular tongue of the Signers, which some of your readers may possibly not understand, I have taken pains to translate the same. By publishing it, you will doubtless confer a favor on all the friends of equal and long-established rights and privileges—as you will, in an especial manner, on

Your very humble servant,

PHILO-PORCUS.

TO THE HONORABLE THE POWERS THAT BE.

The petition of the undersigned, inhabitants of the City of New York, humbly sheweth: That, whereas, we, your petitioners, having time out of mind enjoyed the privilege of running at large, from one end to the other, through all the streets and lanes of the city, and of seeking our food, pleasure, and recreation wherever we chose within the borders thereof, without any kind of obstruction, let, or hindrance whatsoever: it is therefore with the deepest concern that we, your petitioners, perceive, and indeed have for some time past perceived, that certain of our two-legged enemies—whether out of envy, or of sheer malice, we are not prepared to say—among which enemies are especially to be reckoned the entire editorial corps, those perpetual disturbers of the public peace, and breakers-up of many old and established customs—it is with the deepest concern, we say, that we perceive in what manner our two-legged enemies have endeavored, as much as in them lies, both by writing and speaking, to turn the minds of your Honorable Body against us, your humble petitioners, in order, as they have freely avowed, to deprive us, your humble petitioners, of the freedom of this great and ancient city; and that by unceasing perseverance, and by continually poisoning the ears of your Honorable Body, they have at length succeeded in obtaining from your Honorable Body the passage of a law, whereby we, your humble petitioners, are to be totally deprived of our ancient rights and privileges, and debared the freedom of the city, which we have from time immemorial enjoyed: and, moreover, though this unjust, unconstitutional, and oppressive law has not yet, as far as we are informed, in any instance been executed; nevertheless, inasmuch as our enemies aforesaid, and especially the editors aforesaid, are indefatigable in their endeavors to injure us, and seem determined never to rest until the above named oppressive and unconstitutional law is put in execution against us, to the entire destruction of our liberties; and inasmuch as we are in perpetual fear, from the state of things above mentioned, of being seized and incarcerated, ourselves, our companions, and our little ones—there to be shut up from the free air and the beautiful streets of this great and growing city: Therefore now, we, your humble petitioners, pray your Honorable Body not to be further influenced by the editors aforesaid, nor by any other of our enemies aforesaid; but that, taking into consideration the ancient rights and privileges enjoyed by us, your petitioners, and the peaceable and quiet manner in which we, your petitioners, have at all times demeaned ourselves: Your Honorable Body will, in the plenitude

of your power, be pleased forthwith to revoke, repeal, and utterly annul the aforesaid law, lately passed by your Honorable Body aforesaid; or, in default of such repeal, that your Honorable Body will, in the plenitude of your power as aforesaid, forthwith give charge to the officers of the Police, and to all other persons whatsoever, that they do not under any plea, or for any consideration whatsoever, undertake to execute said law against us your humble petitioners; or, in other words, that your Honorable Body would be pleased so far to entertain the prayer of your petitioners, as to nullify the aforesaid act of your Honorable Body; and thus put an end to the anxious fears of your humble petitioners.

Signed in behalf of ourselves and our FELLOW CITIZENS,

BIG PORKER,  
FAT GRUNTER,  
STIFF RUMPUS,  
KINK TAIL,  
LONG BRISTLE,  
LITTLE PIG,  
QUEAK-E-TE-QUEAK

and ninety-seven others.

### WILL YOU HAVE A COACH?

Walking with an acquaintance the other day, we were accosted, near the corner of a street, by a lad with a whip in his hand, who asked if we would have a coach. Feeling a little weary with our walk, we were inclined to indulge ourselves, when casting our eyes upon the animals that were fastened to the vehicle, we paused; and our companion starting at the sight, exclaimed, "What do you call these, boy?"

"What do I call 'em?" echoed the lad, "wy, I calls 'em hosses."

"Hosses!"

"Yes, and they're real smart hosses too; they're all h-l for going. Will you get in, gentlemen?"

These animals, whose speed the boy lauded in such *scarcum* terms, were of different colors, as might be perceived from what hair remained on them; the one being white and the other sorrel. But of all lean animals that ever persisted in living, they were the leanest. To use a common, but expressive phrase, they were "nothing but skin and bones." Don Quixotte's steed, who had more corners than a rial, was fat compared with them.

"Will you get in?" repeated the boy, opening the carriage door. "I'll take you any where you wish to go, and in short order too. These ere aint none of your poor lazy hosses, what goes three miles in four hours."

"I should doubt very much," said our companion, "whether they would get along even so fast as that. It would put me in pain to ride after such miserable looking creatures."

"O, never mind that; they've got the spirit in 'em, I'll warrant ye. They'll take you from one end of the city to the other in less than no time. Will you get in, gentlemen?"

"No; it's a shame to drive such hosses—unless it be to drive them home, and give them something to eat, which I think will be the best course you can take."

"That won't do," returned the lad—"master, he'll lick me and send me back. He says I must keep the hosses a going from morning till night."

"Give your master my compliments, and tell him he's a cruel unfeeling brute, that isn't fit to be the owner of a dog—much less of a horse."

"I dared'n't tell him so—not I."

"He ought to be fined, and imprisoned, and kept on bread and water."

"That aint none of my bread and butter. If you won't get in, I'll shut the door." Thus saying, the boy closed the carriage, and turned away to look out for other custom.

As we walked on, our companion, who is a whole-souled fellow, and has some regard for horses as well as human beings, could not help, every now and then, bursting forth in execrations against those who thus abuse their faithful four-footed servants. "The Common Council," said he, "ought to take the matter up, and pass a law, making it penal for any man within the bounds of the city, to keep a horse so wretchedly poor as one half of the coach horses are. It's absolutely disgraceful to the city. Why, you may count the ribs of these poor creatures a mile off. The Corporation certainly ought to take the matter up, and teach the hack owners a little humanity."

WALKING FOR HEALTH.—A certain notorious lecturer on mnemonics, some time ago, undertook to deliver a course to the students of the Berkshire Medical Institution. He got his pay in advance, and after lecturing a day or two, complained sadly of the dyspepsia. One of the professors of the Institution prescribed exercise—especially walking in the morning—the distance to be increased by degrees, until he should be able to walk five miles before



breakfast. The invalid followed the prescription with great exactness for a few mornings, walking farther and farther each time, until his strength became so marvellously improved, that, one morning he walked clear off, leaving half his course of lectures on mnemonics unfinished.

**TITHES IN IRELAND.**—The people of Ireland have taken a new method of getting rid of the oppression of the tithe system. No violence is offered. They merely fold their arms, refuse to pay tithes, and when property is levied upon by the clergy and exposed to sale, no buyers can be found. Repeated instances of this kind have taken place of late; cattle were offered for sale, and not meeting with a single bid, were again liberated by the tithe-proctors. Thus, though the tithe system be nominally in force, the clergy can derive no benefit from it. A system, so burdensome and so unjust, cannot long continue with the present feelings of the people of Great Britain. "Tithes," says the Edinburgh Chronicle, "are evidently at an end in Ireland; and the English will not be long in following the examples set by their neighbors."

One is sick of hearing and reading of the numerous instances of cruel and unfeeling conduct, perpetrated through fear of the Cholera. In reference to these instances, one would be apt to exclaim with the good Cooper,

"There is no flesh in man's oldurde heart,  
It does not feel for man?"

were it not that the light of philanthropy and christian kindness now and then break in to vary the surrounding darkness. We are at present led to these observations by the conduct of the people, on the line of the Western Canal, in relation to the passengers of the canal boat, "Western Barge." It was loaded with emigrant passengers; the cholera broke out, and at Frankfort, a little side of Utica, the captain died. At Perrinton, a female died, and the passengers, becoming exceedingly alarmed, attempted to land; they tried repeatedly, but were prevented until they arrived at Pittsford, a distance of more than 150 miles, when the sick were taken from the boat, and kindly attended to. At Rochester the passengers were all taken from the boat, and provided for by the Board of Health. How well does this contrast with the selfish and unfeeling conduct of those who would not even permit the sufferers to land!

**THUNDER AND THE CHOLERA.**—Our neighbor, Tom Smith, is very fond of speculating on cause and effect. He casts his eyes round with an exceedingly wise air, and pronounces upon matters and things in a very oracular manner—especially after an event has taken place.

The fore part of last week, a violent thunder storm happened; and the next day the number of cholera cases had diminished nearly fifty per cent. Tom stroked his chin, and exclaimed, "It's all owing to the thunder! I told you how 't would be. There's nothing like thunder for putting an end to the cholera."

Early in the present week, there happened another thunder storm, of nearly equal violence; and the next day the cholera had materially increased. "Ah!" exclaimed Tom, with a lugubrious air, "I told you how 't would be. It's all owing to the thunder! We shall never get rid of the cholera, as long as we have these violent thunder showers."

**WHAT SHALL WE EAT?**—The Cholera, the Special Medical Council, the Board of Health, and the newspapers, have contrived to make sad inroads upon the comforts of the table. Under cover of the *VERO* against summer fruits and vegetables, all sorts of things are proscribed. One is for banishing green peas; another lays his ban upon new potatoes; a third forbids summer squashes; a fourth excludes turnips; a fifth shuts the door against pastry; a sixth is in full debate with himself, his wife, and his cook, whether he shall longer allow the use of bread; while a seventh, insisting upon it that "all flesh is grass," is determined to go the whole hog, and banish meat likewise. We think those who have fled, will scarcely need urging to stay away, during the continuance of this Cholera Lent.

**ECCENTRIC WILL.**—The last will and testament of William Brackett, Esq. once Governor of Plymouth, contains the following clause, as appears from the records of the Prerogative Court of Canterbury, viz.—"I desire my body may be kept as long as it may not be offensive, and that one of my toes or fingers may be cut off to secure a certainty of my being dead." I also make this farther request, to my dear wife, that as she has been troubled with one old fool, she will not think of marrying a second."

\*Would not a similar test be advisable in relation to those who are supposed to die of cholera?

**A BAD SPECULATION.**—It is stated in a late London paper that eight hundred Chelsea pensioners, had sold their pensions to procure money to emigrate to this country. Thus they dispose of a certain subsistence at home, in expectation of some fancied good this side of the Atlantic. But what will the poor fellows do here? How will they get a maintenance? The price of their pensions will be mostly consumed in paying their passage, and they will be landed in a foreign country, destitute of the means of living. The result will be, that they will become a public charge.

**THE CHOLERA VS. HYMEN.**—While the Obituary registers of our city papers present daily long lists of the departed, the Hymenial have become nearly blank, or disappeared entirely. The cholera is a sad nullifier, and not only breaks asunder the union of many couples, but prevents that of those who were about uniting. Prudence has evidently got the better of Love; and has doubtless tied him fast to her apron-string, there to be kept until the cessation of the Cholera will allow him to shoot his arrows with less danger to the lives of his victims.

**RAVEL FAMILY.**—A whole French family, consisting of eight or ten persons, including parents and children, have for some time been astonishing the frequenters of the Park Theatre, by their feats of strength, nimbleness, and dexterity. Their exercises on the tight rope, are particularly remarkable, most of them, from the greatest to the least, playing their "fantastic tricks," in such a manner as "doth amaze" one.

**A CARGO OF LASSES.**—A ship lately sailed from London, for Van Dieman's Land, having on board 250 young women. This lovely cargo it is expected, will find a ready market in that colony, where the male population is to the female nearly as seven to one.

**Good—for nothing.**—A fellow by the name of Good, was lately brought before the Police, for being found drunk in the streets. Strange misnomers do sometimes occur. Few persons are less entitled to the surname of Good than a common drunkard.

**HOW TO MAKE A TOPER DRINK WATER.**—Pour a gallon of rum, brandy, gin, or other spirituous liquor, into a hoghead of water, whereof let the toper have ocular demonstration, and he will drink all the water for the sake of the spirit, provided he cannot get the latter in a less diluted state.

**NEWSPAPER FOR SALE.**—The *Political Observer*, published at New London, Conn. by Charles Douglas, is offered for sale. "To a practical printer," says the advertisement, "the prospect is good, as the paper will now ensure him an excellent living, with the prospect of its becoming a profitable concern, if judiciously managed."

**FRENCH ADVERTISEMENT.**—The following advertisement, or something like it, appears in one of the daily papers:—"Noter.—All persons are hereby cautioned, that they not trust none of the Crew of the French Sheep, ROUGE & NOIR; as all debt of their contract will not be paid, neither by the Captain nor his Consignee."

Some of the country people, we are informed, are afraid to purchase goods which were lately carried from this city, lest, with them, they should purchase the Cholera.

**Why is the practice of telling long circumstantial stories like a spencer? Because it is a round-about habit.**

**EDITING.**—Nearly seven thousand persons, say the papers, lately congregated at Mount Holly, N. J. to see a poor miserable black woman killed—by hanging.

**GENERAL AGENTS.**—For this Publication, Edmund Fowler, city of New York; Chester Wallbridge, Columbus, Ohio; Eichmann & Norrell, Booksellers, Nashville, Tennessee; Wm. T. Williams, Bookseller, Savannah, Georgia; and Geo. W. Whitehead, Postmaster, Barford, Upper Canada.

The following persons will also receive subscriptions; and all Postmasters not enumerated in this list, to whom it may be agreeable, are requested to do so, and retain ten per cent. of the money paid them, as a remuneration for their trouble: C. Livingston, Hudson; Postmaster, Catskill; Tracey Doolittle, Albany; Clarke & Hoeford, Troy; J. H. Van Es, Schenectady; A. A. McLean, Utica; J. W. Birge, Cananota; L. L. Morse, Canandaigua; Postmaster, Poughkeepsie; Edward Sims, Chittenango; N. Williams, Manlius; A. Abbott, Syracuse; Dep. Postmaster, Auburn; A. B. Clark, Ithaca; C. Davis, Ludlowville; L. Ewer, Aurora; Herman Camp, Trumansburg; A. Gibbs, Ovid; C. A. Rose, Geneva; S. Clark, Waterloo; J. S. Towar, Lyons; G. W. Dunn, Clyde; D. Hill, Holly; M. W. Wilcox, Palmyra; Jno. Hanks, New-York; A. E. Campbell, Pittsford; B. A. Root, Brockport; Dep. Postmaster, Buffalo; Postmasters, Lewiston, and Youngstown—state of New York; Jonathan Coffee, Coffee House, Philadelphia; S. J. Sylvester, Pittsburgh, Pa.; Wm. Porter, 44 South street, Baltimore; Garret Anderson, Washington City;

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## A MADMAN'S DESCRIPTION OF A MAD-HOUSE.

From a notice of "Le Livre des Cent-et-Un" in the Athenaeum.

The singular paper from which we have made the following translations, was contributed by M. Arago, and written, as he himself informs us, whilst he was laboring under aberration of mind. It purports to be an account of the madhouse kept by Dr. Blanche, and in which the author was confined during his malady:

"The history of a madhouse written by a madman, must be a curious production. I was mad when I wrote these pages. On the return of reason I chose to read them. Every thing they contain is so accurately exact, that I thought it best to make no alteration in them; they form a likeness which I should spoil by retouching."

**The Author's Arrest.**—"I was arrested at six o'clock in the evening by four robust fellows, who seized me behind. I attempted resistance—I was powerless. In acute pain and almost dying, what could I do? 'In the King's name!' Could I withstand such authority as this? I was not delirious, and yet I tried to resist; but with a couple of jerks I found myself thrown into a coach which was waiting to receive me.

"The drive was long. The men who accompanied me talked of the beauty of the city, the coolness of the night; and if I but sighed, advised me to call forth my courage, and show that I was a man. Who could fancy lessons of courage given by a mouchard? Does a mouchard ever come in contact with a man, except to arrest him from behind?"

"Our progress was slow, and my heart, though horribly tortured by violent passion, had time to become full with another feeling, that of indignation. To be collared by a mouchard! What an outrage! During the disturbance I had met with a similar affront. The mouchard, without moral existence, is the mere machine of power; a base coward, he is the agent of force. No, I am wrong; a mouchard is the most courageous of men, for he braves that which all other men dread the most—public contempt."

"We came at length to our journey's end. I remember the minutest circumstance of those heavy and eternal hours which tortured me so horribly. We have so many fibres alive to pain and grief! I thought I was entering the house of a judge of instruction, or a *Procureur du Roi*. I had been led to suppose so on the road, and had been told of daggers and incendiarism and murder. I had listened to my conductors like a man who regrets not having done sufficient to justify the rigor inflicted upon him; and when I appealed to my confused recollections, I was almost furious at having possessed command enough over myself to refrain from bursting every bond that attached me to society. Despair, like grief, has its distinct gradations."

"Having crossed a small court, shaded by a few trees of sad and sombre foliage, I entered a vast apartment, almost filled by a horse shoe table. At first I supposed it to be the hall, in which the question is administered, and with a shudder, I looked round for the instruments of torture—I was politely told to be seated."

"What a picture was before me! Pain—stupidity—laughter, without gaiety—weeping, without tears—one single face of pity, that of Madame Blanche; and all this, agglomerated, as it were, in a space scarcely ten feet square. My brain turned. I thought I was dreaming. I wanted to know, yet feared to learn."

"I had time for observation. But the *Procureur du Roi* came not, and there was a profound silence in the next room, where, as I supposed, I should be subjected to a painful trial."

"Show the gentleman to his room," said the benevolent fairy to a servant, who had not left my side since my entrance. He led the way; I followed like an automaton. After threading two or three corridors and ascending as many stair cases, I was forcibly thrust into a room whose window was garnished with iron bars and lattice work of the same metal. A sorry bed, two chairs, and a straight waistcoat composed the furniture of my apartment."

"My conductor had been joined by one of his comrades! 'What are you doing?—What do you want?' I enquired. 'We are to wait upon you, sir.' 'Will the *Procureur du Roi* soon come,' said

I. 'It will not be long first, sir.' 'He will do well to make haste, if he wishes to examine me, for I am losing my strength.'

"I went to bed only half undressed. 'If you please, sir, we have barley-water in that jug.' 'Why barley-water?' 'Dr. Blanche ordered it.' 'Where am I then?' 'At Dr. Blanche's.'

"The fillet fell from my eyes. I thought myself a conspirator, and now discovered that I was only a madman."

**Dr. Blanche, his patients and his house.**—The Doctor came in; I courageously prepared myself for the pump bath; for his language, far from consoling me, froze the little blood that remained in my body. He talked to me of murder, assassination and incendiarism. These were the words fixed upon. I thought him mad, and pitied him; I whom none seemed to pity!

"All night a man bellowed in the next room—it was a maniac, demanding his liberty. As for me, I contemplated, in sullen silence, the walls and bars by which I was surrounded. I had a thousand lives for suffering, but not a single hand to strike with."

"Dr. Blanche returned; his urgings of reason quieted the effervescence of my ideas, and I thought no more of self-destruction. Wrapped in a brown cloak, a young man of five and twenty stood by my side, in deep and sad meditation. The fire of two pistols had been unable to destroy him. Both balls had traversed his upper jaw, and found an outlet between his eyes. Some beings are cruelly persecuted by fate. This unhappy man is still alive!"

"Another well-dressed individual, with a smiling countenance and gracious expression, seated himself next me, and politely inquired after my health. I know not what I answered; but he took a violin, and, with remarkable vigor and precision, played variations upon a well known air. I think I paid him some compliments. 'Oh, oh,' replied he, 'I have many other talents. I perfectly recollect being Gents-Khan, Mahomet, and Napoleon. Pray, sir, do you remember what you have been? when the brain leaves your skull to pass into another.' Mad. Blanche told him to be silent, and he obeyed laughing."

**THEATRICALS.**—London Police.—Frederick Newsom, a boy apparently about nine years of age, was charged with having stolen some articles of apparel from his mother. The policeman who took him into custody produced a couple of that description of theatrical swords used on the stage, when, as the play-bills announce, "a terrific combat" is to ensue between those melo-dramatic heroes. These swords, the boy admitted, he had purchased of a Jew, in Petticoat-lane, with the money he procured by the sale of the stolen articles. It turned out, from questions that were put to the boy, that he had been seized with histrionic ambition, and, in order to qualify himself for "principal tragedian," had got up the play of *Othello*, in concert with a dramatic corps of juvenile aspirants. In order to do proper justice to the "jealous Moor," he had rebuked his mother to purchase the requisite "properties" for dressing the character. While he was in the midst of his defence with cork-blackened visage, pleading before a ragged conclave of Venetian Senators, a policeman shifted the scene unexpectedly by taking him before another tribunal, to conduct a defence on his own account. Among scraps of plays and other papers in his pocket was found the following programme of the intended representation:—"The middle-drum of Othello to be acted on Topsy next, by the following popular actors—Fred Newsom is to act Othello, and Dick Mason is to hang out his shirt, and perform Desmond; Bill Curtis will play Cashen, and Jack Mason do Ilargoo; Bill Walker to act Amiel, and to borrow his mother's handkercher; N. B. Cashen aint to hit Jack Mason on the nob when he fights him, and Fred Newsom aint to kick Desmond when he smother her—Each actor to have a sword; but only Bill Curtis and Othello to have real uns." The Lord Mayor reprimanded the boy severely upon learning that it was not the first time he had stolen property from his mother, and directed that he should be handed over to his friends.

**Monkey Trade.**—A case was lately tried in a London police office, in which an Italian was defendant, his monkey having bitten a child. After the penalty had been settled, the magistrate said he hoped he should have no more such cases. The Interpreter for the Italian had replied, "There is no danger of that, your worship, as to my client, for he is about to embark for America, with his *singe et chien*, as he calls his whole stock in trade, in a few days. Mr. Hoskins here enquired if such imports were encouraged by the United States? Interpreter—There are 14 of these lads—your worship, with their animals, now about to embark for New York, and they all expect to do well. Malverni paid the ten shillings, on which himself and the monkey and dog were permitted to depart in order to embark for America."

**Rail Road Accident.**—Last week, as a party were ascending the Quincy Rail Road in one of the returning cars, the chain gave way, and they were precipitated over the precipice, a distance of twenty or thirty feet. Mr. Thomas Backus, of Cuba, was killed; Mr. J. G. Gibson, of Boston, had both legs broken; Mr. W. G. Bend, of Baltimore, was severely, and Mr. Andrew Belknap, of Boston, slightly injured.

## THE PESTILENCE.

The annexed lines are from the pen of a sojourner, whose literary capacity has been long and widely established. The philosophy inculcated, is such as should be inseparably connected with the contemplation of the subject, whether it is treated in poetry or prose.

—*Phil. Gazette*

Let those who will, with anxious dread,  
The coming Terror still deplore,  
And, with dark boding fancies, fed,  
View all with fear that fills our shore  
Though not less fond of life than they,  
And filled with many a future hope,  
Let me with calm the plague survey,  
And with the anxious terror cope.

Let me not watch, with idle fears,  
Long in advance the coming doom;  
And, before death himself appears,  
Prepare the shroud and build the tomb.  
But, with a heart securely calm,  
Still on the Providence rely,  
That never flinches, but brings a holm,  
And strengthens, while it bids us die.

Still let me hold to that high truth,  
The best that God to man has given,  
To cheer the old and teach the youth—  
There is no certain hope but Heaven.  
And if I fall—and if the fate,  
That strikes the thousand, strikes at me—  
And makes my friends desolate,  
And blights the bud, and blasts the tree:—

And, from my fond affection tends  
The child, that still my heart has blest,  
And robs my hope of many friends—  
At least, 'twill give us peace and rest.  
And, if the fate thus comes, 'twill be  
But the same fate we still should meet,  
When time has brought infirmity—  
Without restraint, without retreat.

A few years left, the human lot  
Will only lose in years of care,  
Affection's blight, and memory's blot,  
And youth's defeat and hope's despair.  
A fate, no human skill may foil,  
No place avert, no care evade;—  
A fate, that brings release from toil,  
And yields us mansions heavenly made.

Father—thus lesson'd let my soul,  
In calm, the coming stroke await—  
Yet, do thou still the plague control,  
And lengthen life, and limit fate;—  
And bid the stricken sufferer live,  
And bid the city smile, and take  
The curse away, the crime forgive,  
For weeping nature's—mercy's sake!

Mansion House, July 7. W. G. S.

## PROGRESS OF THE CHOLERA IN NEW YORK.

From the *Atlas* of Saturday last.

We trust we shall not be found to err in stating that the overwhelming calamity that has visited us is fast subsiding. A table in another column will enable the reader to compare the events of the several days of our month of affliction, until yesterday, the returns for which we here annex. New cases in priv. practice 73; deaths 23; hosp. cases 16; deaths 16; Bellevue, cases 3; deaths 5; no reports from Harlem and Yorkville. Total cases reported 122, deaths 46. A more accurate and conclusive ground of comparison is afforded by the daily report of internments. These, (we have not the particulars, averaged last week more than one hundred daily, of deaths by Cholera. Since then they have been during the twenty-four hours, ending at 8 A.M. on Sunday 176, Spasmodic Cholera 152; Monday 125, do do 108; Tuesday 110, do do 106; Wednesday 135, do do 110; Thursday 106, do do 73; Friday 89, do do 63; a diminution of 89—considerably more than one half. As this decline has been of so many days duration, and as the period since the commencement of the disease is more than a month, it appears to be a warrantable conclusion that it will continue to diminish until finally extinct. Persons should not retard this most desirable moment by relapsing into imprudence or neglect, on the indications of returning subacuity. It has been remarked that more persons among the classes of society less subject to the disease are affected by it in the latter stages of its prevalence than at first. The reason for this may be, at least in part, that on seeing that the malady subsides, they return to imprudent indulgences and exposures. Let this be borne in mind. While we would gratefully rejoice at the better prospects which have now dawned upon the city, we would not forget that great suffering has been produced among us, which even the liberal charities that have been manifested will not be sufficient to remove. All to whom health and friends have been spared, will, we trust, not fail to consider their obligations of duty to others.

## CAUTIONS OF THE MEDICAL COUNCIL.

To Walter Borne, Esq. Pres. of the Board of Health.  
Sir,—The Special Medical Council are induced again to address their fellow citizens through your honorable Board, upon the means of escaping the pestilence which is now devastating our city. It is their firm conviction that nearly all the attacks which have heretofore terminated fatally, might have been avoided

by prudence in diet and regimen; and that many others might have been cured by an early attention to the premonitory symptoms.

The Council have collectively and individually given their advice upon this subject at various times, they have circulated it in the public prints; they have placarded it in handbills at the corners of the streets—and yet among persons in easy circumstances there are many who live in open disregard of their admonitions—until upon the bed of death, they confess to their physician that their own acts have brought this fatal malady upon them.

Fellow citizens and friends! the sad remnant of a scattered population! how many are we yet to lose, and mourn for? Will you be advised? Read what we addressed to you the day after we assumed the responsibility of Counsellors to the Board of Health, in fatal disregard of which, how many hundreds have filled untimely graves.

We feel it to be incumbent upon us to repeat the following advice:—

Be temperate in all things, be temperate in exercise, in labour, both bodily and mental—keep good hours.

In eating, take proper food only, in reasonable quantities, at proper times—plain meats, rice, stale or toasted bread are the best food.—Abstain entirely from all fruit, fresh or preserved, and all garden vegetables.—Labouring men may take salted beef or pork; others should use them as a relish only.—The quantity of all food should be less than usual, and no admixture, even of articles in themselves wholesome, should be permitted.—In time, make light meals, eat no late suppers, take no food when heated or agitated, and keep quiet after meals. In drinking, do not drink largely.—Do not drink spirits, unless habit has rendered it indispensable, and then take a little. Be guarded in the use of malt liquors—all other fermented liquors, as spruce beer, mead, &c. are particularly pernicious.—Toast water is preferable to cold water, especially to water which the individual is not accustomed to.—Cold drinks of all kinds are improper.

Flannel should be worn next the skin, especially around the body by those who are not accustomed to it—others should increase the quantity of flannel to which they are accustomed—a small blanket should be thrown over the feet at night—to be drawn up in case the weather should change during the night.—Attacks of cholera usually occur before day-light.

It is important to go to bed cool and free from bodily or mental agitation—after undressing, which should always be done, if the clothes are damp, the body should be rubbed with a dry cloth.

A careful attention to the above suggestions, a cheerful temper, and a firm reliance upon Divine goodness and protection, are the best securities for the continuance of health.

ALEX. H. STEVENS, M. D.  
President of the Special Medical Council.

## NEW WORKS.

Every reader is well aware that a great discrepancy of opinion has existed, among Medical men no less than with others, as to the nature of the Pestilential Cholera, (using the expression to signify whatever relates to the causes of disease, its mode of diffusion, its specific influence upon the system, &c. &c.) and that consequently their views of the proper course of treatment are various and inconsistent. It is much to be lamented, that the results of observation and experience have thus far not afforded any satisfactory means of escaping the dilemma, in which one thus finds himself placed; and Medical skill which has triumphed over so many fearful diseases has not yet disarmed the Cholera of its terrors. Something however has apparently been done which gives room for much encouragement and hope. Dr. Kirk of Greenock, commissioned by the Board of Health of that place, to investigate this malady, affirms as the result of very extensive inquiries and observation, that in Great Britain at least, Cholera is always preceded by diarrhoea and other premonitory symptoms, which are always curable if duly attended to, and thus the more formidable disease averted. This is laid down as an universal law.—Like other general laws it may have its exceptions, but if facts will support it as approaching universality of application, the discovery is one that will confer upon the author an imperishable fame and benediction. The essay of Dr. Kirk should be in the hands of every professional man; and we are gratified to learn from the publisher, Mr. Hill, 94 Broadway, that it has met with an extensive sale.

So far as we have been able to ascertain, experience in this country, has corroborated the opinions of Dr. Kirk. To show the modifications of the symptoms and disease produced by different circumstances of constitution, or exposure does not fall within our scope, and readers are referred to the proper authority therefor. Mr. Hill has also just published an interesting "Opinion upon the Epidemic Cholera Morbus, observed at Warsaw, by Dr. O. A. Binaghi,"—which we commend to the notice of the profession, and public authorities. Dr. B. in common with Dr. Kirk and others, holds to the opinion that Cholera is primarily seated in the *nerve-splanchnic* system. He combats some doctrines of Broussais.—*Atlas*.

LEGENDS OF THE WEST—By James Hall, Esq.  
—Consisting of various tales; founded on incidents or traditions which have fallen under the author's notice during a long residence in that section of the country, have just been published in a handsome volume, by Mr. Harrison Hall, of Philadelphia. Judge Hall is very favourably known to the literary community by several productions, and now maintains with much reputation a monthly periodical—the *Illinois Magazine*. We feel confident his recent volume will be well received.—*ib.*

## ROCK WATER.

The following paragraphs are copied from the pamphlet noticed in our last:

"This Island is a part of that range of primitive rock which extends along the coast of New England, and from hence south-westward, marking the line of distinction, through the middle and southern states, between the upper and lower country. It is the rock over which all the rivers fall, in their course from the mountains to the Atlantic.

Between this dividing line or ridge of gneiss rock, and the Alleghany mountain of granite, the country is occupied by strata of secondary formation, and ridges and hills and vales of *diluvial* origin. This underground ridge of gneiss, thus extending nearly parallel to those high mountains, was the antediluvian coast of this continent. It has, like other ridges, its depressions and its elevations. Where this city stands, it is depressed, and the hollow is occupied by a bed of sand, not more than 100 feet deep, of loose texture, and incapable of preventing the percolation of foul water into the wells sunk in it. Such is the decided opinion of a committee of scientific men, appointed by the New York Lyceum, last year, to answer an inquiry on this subject, made by one of the aldermen. They were very explicit, and expressed the opinion, that disorders were prevented from cure, and *dyspepsia*, that comprehensive name of all gastric derangements, caused by bad water.

It is true, that this respectable committee expressed an opinion against relying on perforations for water; but they were not informed of the main facts; had they been, perhaps they would have had very different impressions. This is the more to be regretted, as the subject is one in which the Lyceum might have taken an influential lead. They appear not to have had an opportunity of investigation—not even of the perforations at the city hall, which they suppose to be in rock, when they are *only in earth*, and were ruined by excessive economy in substituting thin Philadelphia pipes for the substantial castings of Mr. Allaire, thus defeating the purpose of the *protective tube*, one of Mr. Disbrow's inventions.

The prejudice disseminated widely by the published letter of that respectable committee of the Lyceum, we meet, by simply showing, that if they had examined the subject extensively, it would have been encouraging to the corporation, and they might have hailed this *new art of drawing water from the rock*, as propitious to the health and prosperity of the city and as the only immediate means of supply. Perhaps too they would have found the geological circumstances in favour of confidence, even before experience had led the way. The error was, in thinking the strata of the primitive rock of this island, *vertical*, when in fact they are inclined, and dip in the opposite direction to the primitive rock of the Alleghany mountain."

## HENRY MASTERTON.

By the Author of "*Richelieu*," "*De Loring*," "*Philip Augustus*," &c.

If there be one period of our history more the peculiar property of the novelist than another, it is the era of the Stuarts' dominion; for the domestic tragedy, the romantic adventure, the intrigue of the court, the excitement of the battle, mingle together, till, amid abundance of material, the chief puzzle is, where to choose. But the easiness of the task is more apparent than real; for when a reader's expectations have been so highly raised, they are not easily satisfied; and the ill-nurtured harvest of a very fertile soil is often disappointment. It is very difficult to make an historical character act up to a previously conceived idea; and a second difficulty is, using events whose interest has already become familiar, or diverging too much—thereby shocking old habits and beliefs. Mr. James has most happily steered clear of all these shoals and rocks "of old romance"—the scene is historical, the persons fictitious (with the exception of a spirited sketch of Ireton); the colouring of that adventurous period is excellently preserved, and the interest of the story maintained to the last. *Henry Masterston* is, in our opinion, a great improvement on *Philip Augustus*; it has more individuality; consequently more attraction of character; the scenes are more dramatic, and the novelist is never forgotten in the antiquary; we enter into the identity of the reserved yet impassioned Frank Masterston, the beautiful Eleanor, the reckless, the ambitious, and guilty Dixon; while the boy, Ball-o'-fire,

"Who, bred and nurtured  
In danger's face, has dared its worst,"

is a new and striking picture of what such a being would be, with the daring temper worked upon by strong attachment. In giving the following scene, we shall only say there are many like it; and premise, by way of explanation, that the two

brothers are on the march to join Lord Goring, from whose forces the younger is just returned, after a successful skirmish, which should have been led on by the elder one. Henry Masterston is narrating to his brother the details of the preceding day.

"As I proceeded, the countenance of my brother changed; the sentiments of duty, patriotism, and honour, which had been smothered in other feelings, but not extinguished, blazed up again in his bosom; the aspiration for glory and distinction, which all feel or have felt, revived; the colour came and went in his cheek with a fitful rapidity, almost equal to the flickering of the summer lightning on the verge of the evening sky; and as I spoke of stride, and conquest, and success, and triumph, he cast himself down on the cushions, and hid his face in his hands, exclaiming, 'And I not there! and I not there! Good God, and I not there!' 'Frank!' said I, laying my hand upon his arm, with a firm but kindly pressure, 'there is a way of retrieving all, if you will but embrace it. I hear you Lord Goring's orders to march immediately for Maidstone; he expects you there to meet him by to-morrow morning, at eight of the clock, as he intends, if possible, to make a stand there. A general battle must immediately take place; the former was but a skirmish. March with all speed, command your regiment in the moment of danger and difficulty, and win glory that will render all mistakes forgotten at once.' The good spirit was awakened, and starting up from the couch, my brother declared he would go, he was resolved to go, but— I feel sure that I could have soon dissolved those *ifs* and *buts*, far more easily than Hamlet's son reduced the rocks of the Alpine passes. All might have been explained, all might have been remedied, but at that moment Lady Eleanor entered the room, and Frank's good resolves were petrified in a moment. The inferior soul resumed its ascendancy; the confidence between us was destroyed, and he felt ashamed. I am sure, at having yielded, even as much as he had done, to the counsels which would have freed him from the mental thralldom that bound him down. 'I fear I interrupt you, gentlemen,' said Lady Eleanor, pausing in her advance; 'I fear I break in upon some matter of deep import,' and her eye glanced from the now animated countenance of my brother to mine, striving to read whether the feelings that sparkled in each were amicable or angry. I was silent; for I felt that she not only interrupted my discourse, but all my best designs. Frank, however, replied with a smile, 'Not in the least, dearest lady! not in the least!' and as he spoke he took her hand, and led her to her seat near the window, adding, 'Our conversation will soon be over on important subjects. Harry, I can and will join Lord Norwich to-morrow, but it cannot be by eight o'clock.' 'Then you may as well not join him at all, Frank,' I answered somewhat impatiently, as I saw new delays brightening all that I had accomplished. 'Lord Goring's orders are, that the regiment be at Maidstone by eight at latest, and they must be obeyed.' Lady Eleanor passed her hand twice across her eyes; and Frank replied, resuming at once the cold, stern tone he had been accustomed to use, 'That, sir, is my business; the regiment cannot be there by eight—no, nor by nine.' I was now convinced that all would again be lost, without some great effort to change his determination; and I made one, which nothing but the painful circumstances in which I was placed could justify—

—which nothing else could have induced me to attempt. Not that that measure was one of tho't and calculation; on the contrary, it was one of impulse, the last resource of my mind, in despair of seeing a brother act as his duty, his honour, and his name required. 'Lady Eleanor Fleming,' I said, advancing to the spot where that lady sat, with the tears clustered in her beautiful eyes, and scarcely withheld from running over, even by all woman's habitual command of her own feelings, 'Lady Eleanor Fleming, mine is a hard task! I speak to my brother, who is as dear to me as ever brother was to brother—I speak to him as advocate for his own honour, for his own duty. Do not interrupt me, Frank, for pity's sake! for in deed I would interest a more persuasive voice than mine, to plead the same cause. Lady, I hear him the direct orders of his commander-in-chief, to march his regiment a short and easy distance, by a particular hour, in order to share in movements and efforts, on which the safety of the king and the realm depend, as the last stake which can be played for the crown of this country. Speak, lady, if, as I believe, you hold him dear, and urge him to the straightforward duty that lies before him! Speak, for the love of Heaven! for he is ruining himself, and casting away his honour as a soldier! No language can express the bright but beautiful colour that overspread her face, at an appeal which touched, perhaps too boldly, on feelings that I was supposed not to know; but it was my last hope of influencing my brother by gentle means, and, as far as engaging her voice also, I was successful—unexpectedly successful. 'Colonel Masterston,' she said, with her cheeks still glowing, 'I know not, I cannot imagine, that my voice should have such power as your brother supposes; but yet, as he has spoken boldly, I will no dissemble; and, as your interest and your honour are dear to me



—most dear—for both their sakes I advise, I pray you, to obey the orders you have received. While she spoke, she fixed her eyes full upon him; and her words flowed with rapid and energetic eloquence, while her cheeks, her neck, her brow, were all crimson, with feeling and with consciousness; but the moment she ceased, she dropped her eyes to the ground, resumed her seat, the colour faded in her cheeks, and, instead of the eager fire that had but a moment before sparkled in her glance, the tears burst forth and overflowed the long dark curtain of her eyes. 'Dear lady,' replied Frank, in a soft but determined tone, 'it must not and it cannot be. I will be responsible to Lord Norwich for my own conduct. As for you, sir,' he added, turning sternly towards me, 'you have taken this day an unwarrantable liberty with me and with this lady; and though, like many other offences, I resent it not because I am your brother, as your commanding officer I will not have my commands disputed, or my will cavilled at. Go, sir, to the regiment;—see that all be prepared to march at nine to-morrow. Answer me not, sir! for I am at least colonel of the regiment, and will be obeyed.' 'The liberty I took with that lady, Frank,' I replied, 'was solely, through her persuasion.—I may say, her noble and generous counsel—to save you from a far greater pain, than you must now suffer. You are not, as you suppose, colonel of his regiment; and, whether you will or not, it marches for Maidstone to-morrow, at five in the morning.' 'How now, sir?—you are mad!' exclaimed he, advancing towards me, with his eyes flashing as if they were full of lightning. 'You are surely become insane, and have lost what little wit you ever possessed! Or is this mere inordinate insolence?' he added. 'We will soon see whether I am, or am not, colonel of the regiment. Ho! without there.' He called from the open window to the sentinel on the steps.—'Order up a sergeant's guard with all speed. By Heaven, I will hear with it no longer!' 'You had better calm yourself, Frank Masterton,' I replied; 'the guard must be turned to other purposes than that for which you called it. Yet one word more, Frank; will you march to-morrow at five?' 'I will not!' he answered, striking his clenched hand upon the table. 'Well then, sir,' rejoined I, 'from George Lord Goring, Earl of Norwich, you received your commission, and from George Lord Goring I hear you your supersedeure; and if you follow my advice, you will make the best of your way back to Devonshire; for if you fall into the hands of the Roundheads, they will probably shoot you for active loyalty you have too little displayed; while if you fall into those of Lord Goring, even a brother's intercession I do not think would save you from death, for treachery that you did not intend to practise.' Frank had turned deadly pale while he gazed upon the copy of his supersedeure, which I handed to him; and I could see the struggle for firmness which was long going on unsuccessfully in his bosom. At length, however, he mastered his emotion with a snarl. 'This sir, is, I suppose, the first-fruits of your fraternal intercession,' he said. 'It is truly creditable to your heart.' 'Oh, Frank!' cried Lady Eleanor, laying her hand tenderly upon his arm, 'do not embitter your own feelings and your brother's by useless taunts. Go with him! go with him! in God's name! Do not make a sacrifice! she added, in a lower voice, whose tone was sunk, not for concealment apparently,—for I could distinguish every word,—but from deep feeling, and the consciousness of much that could not be forgotten. 'Do I not sacrifice hope, and joy, and affection, by the very counsel? Do I not give myself up to tears, and memory, and regret?' 'Elen!' said my brother, pressing her hand in his 'it cannot be! I cannot, and I will not, be commanded by a boy,—and that boy a brother who has wronged me.' 'Indeed, indeed, Frank!' I replied, pained and softened by the deep agitation under which I saw him writhe—'indeed I have not wronged you, nor do I seek to command you, as you fancy; no, not for a moment. Look here! But promise me to march to-morrow at five, and I tear the supersedeure at once, resume my place at the head of my troop, and serve under your orders as before. The permission I extorted from Lord Goring, and it was granted, as the reward of what I had done in that morning's skirmish. If you will march, the supersedeure it at an end. Indeed, Frank, I act from affection, and not from rivalry or ambition.' As I spoke I laid my hand on his, which was as cold as death. His first impulse was to snatch it hastily from me; but a moment after he gave it me again, saying in a tone of deep melancholy, 'I believe you Harry! I believe you after all! I feel I have done you wrong. But it matters not; I am ruined and undone for ever! My honour and my character are lost, and must be lost—I cannot go! Do not press me further—I cannot go. I know the risk and the consequences—but I cannot go. Take the command Harry; go and gain honour and glory and distinguish your name! Fate plays the game against me, and I must lose.' I tried to persuade him to better things; I used every argument, every motive, every reason, that I could devise. Lady Eleanor forgot all, and clung to his arm in tears, beseeching him to obey the orders he had received; but it was in vain. He grasped my hand in his; he pressed her to his bosom; and then turned to the door repeating, 'It cannot be!'

'Well,' I answered, 'be it as you would, Frank; and believe me—oh believe me, that in all I have done, my first wish has been to shield your honour and to promote your welfare.' He held my hand as if he were about to speak; but the words failed him; and, turning away once more, he left the room.

We will just mention that Frank has become entangled in a duel, his duty and his honour being thus at variance; and we now leave our readers to their curiosity, increased, we hope, by our hearty commendations. We have always thought highly of Mr. James's talents, and we consider *Henry Masterton* as their most finished product.—*Lit. Gaz.*

#### DEATH OF COMMODORE ROGERS.

The news of this event was received at the close of last week. Particulars are supplied in the following extract of a letter from Mr. Henry G. Wheeler, Secretary to the U. S. Squadron on the coast of Brazil, dated

"U. S. SHIP WARRREN,  
Off Buenos Ayres, May 26th, 1832."

You will doubtless have received ere this, the melancholy intelligence of the death of the late commander of the U. S. Squadron on this station, Commodore George Washington Rogers. He breathed his last on board this ship, on the morning of Monday the 21st instant, after a brief but severe illness of seven days.

The disease which ultimately terminated his existence, appeared at first to be slowly but surely yielding to the unremitting efforts of his medical advisers.

On the third day, his case was unhesitatingly pronounced by them to be free from danger. He conversed much and cheerfully with those about him, and every lingering fear as to recovery vanished before the strengthening voice and brightening eye of our lamented commander.

The following morning, however, matters assumed a gloomier aspect. His disease had returned on him with a destroying violence that scathed at every effort to arrest its progress, and he continued gradually declining till Sunday the 20th inst. On that morning his medical attendants intimated to him that it would be well to arrange his affairs, inasmuch as his earthly career was rapidly drawing to its close.

The Commodore received this announcement with unrepining calmness. He expressed himself as bowing in humble acquiescence to the Almighty Fiat which had gone forth against him; and after issuing a few orders, and desiring that his bones might be laid in Protestant Episcopal earth, he prepared himself to meet the fast approaching king of terrors with firmness and resignation.

To the latest moment of his existence, his mental faculties were preserved to him, bright and unclouded; so much so, indeed, that as the gathering mists of mortal decay became deeper and darker around him, his thoughts and feelings for those whom he left behind, appeared to have assumed an almost unearthly intensity. His eye failed not; and if his voice faltered, it was only at moments when, with a startling fervency, he breathed his suppliant ejaculations to the Throne of Mercy, in behalf of "the widow and the fatherless."

Between the hours of ten and eleven of the following morning, convinced that even then his spirit was fluttering to its departure, he sent for all the officers of the squadron to bid him farewell. One by one he extended his hand to them, repeating distinctly the name of each officer as he approached; and with a firmness of tone and manner which even the dissolving agonies of death could not rattle, he called upon Him who "ruleth the raging of the elements" to bless, and guide, and prosper us through life.

In a few moments after this affecting scene, the Commodore closed his eyes in death. His remains were interred in the English burial ground of Buenos Ayres on Thursday the 24th instant, with the honours of war, and he was followed to the grave by all the resident and foreign authorities and citizens of this Republic.

I have communicated this directly with you, because I knew there were many to whom it would be a melancholy gratification to learn that, although the inscrutable mandate which called this beloved officer suddenly from among us, had been sent forth under circumstances peculiarly distressing in their nature, still so far as might be, the bitterness of death had been assuaged,—that his departure from this world had been placid and triumphant, and that all of him which was mortal had been consigned to its everlasting resting place, amidst the sighs and tears of those whose hearts were keenly, most keenly sensible of the bereavement they endured.

In the Buenos Ayres papers, we find a minute account of the respect shown to the memory of the deceased. We subjoin in part a statement of the funeral ceremonies.

From the *Cosmopolitan*, of May 30.

In the afternoon of Wednesday last, the remains of the late Commodore George W. Rogers were landed in this city. The body was received on the beach by a large collection of the citizens of the United States resident in this city, and others, and accompanied to the British Episcopal Chapel in which it was deposited until the day following.

On Thursday morning a party of marines and seamen, with a band of music, were landed from the United States' vessels of war, for the purpose of attending the funeral. At an early hour a dense crowd assembled in front of the chapel, all anxious to witness the imposing ceremony. The funeral service was read by the Rev. Mr. Armstrong, and the new Organ was, on this occasion, played on for the first time in

public, the choir singing the funeral anthem of "Hear my Prayers," the solos by Mr. Turner and Mr. Wilson. At the conclusion of the service, the Dead March in Saul was performed on the organ. The procession was then formed and proceeded in order to the place of interment, the Protestant Cemetery.

At this solemn ceremony were present the Minister of War, the most distinguished military chiefs, a deputation of the members of the House of Representatives, H. B. M.'s Minister Plenipotentiary (Mr. Fox), the Secretary of Legation (Mr. Gore), the Consul General of France (M. Mandeville), with all other resident foreign agents, and a countless number of private individuals, both natives and foreigners.

The resident citizens of the United States, without an exception, appeared in the procession. We were pleased to witness the respect paid to the memory of this distinguished officer by the British residents, of whom an unusual number attended, presenting an example of that cordial and brotherly feeling which ever should subsist between Englishmen and Americans.

Had Commodore Rogers expired in his native land, in the bosom of his family, there could not have been a stronger sensation of sorrow excited, nor more becoming respect paid to his memory, both on account of his rank and his amiable private character.

The solemn music and the muffled drum told of his death—the downcast eyes and mournful countenances, particularly of those whom lately he commanded, even down to the sturdy but warm-hearted sailor, declared the grief that was felt for his loss.

#### Order of the Procession:

Marines.  
Clergy.

Lieut. Blanchard. Lieut. Stockton.  
Lieut. Walker. Lieut. Cox.

Lt. Com. Downy. Lt. Com. Griffith.  
H. B. M. N. H. B. M. N.

Mourners.  
Aids to the Deceased.  
Surgeons.

Seamen.  
Petty Officers.  
Sailmakers.

Carpenters.  
Boatswains.  
Gunners.

Midshipmen.  
Masters.  
Pursers.

Lieutenants.  
Master Commandants.  
Captains.

Foreign Consuls.  
Civil Officers of the Buenos Ayres Government.  
Diplomatic Functionaries, according to grade, in reversed order, as in the Military Procession.

Ministers of the Government.  
Citizens.

The naval and military officers of other nations, who attended the funeral in uniform, took their stations in the procession with those of the United States, according to rank, as prescribed above.

#### GOUSELEY'S REMARKS ON THE STATISTICS OF THE U. STATES.

Mr. Campbell's Magazine thus notices the publication: "This is a work of considerable research, written in a candid style, and refuting, without the least vituperation, and with great success, the assertions of those who are so anxious to depreciate a Republican form of government. The incorrect premises and fallacious arguments of the Quarterly Review are fully controverted. The Quarterly has long been considered by the Americans as the organ of our government: that it was so during a Tory administration there can be no doubt; but to suppose that it still is, is to suppose an absurdity. The continual attacks of this publication against the American form of government have not, however, proceeded from any ill will towards America, or the Americans themselves, but from the dread of its liberal constitution and cheap administration being a source of envy to this taxed and heavily burdened country. It has been the Tory despotism, the conservative system, the aristocratical assumption of moral power, which they would uphold, and, in supporting them, they have been induced to attack the Americans without any real ill will towards them. Thus far we must do justice to the Quarterly, at the same time that we lament the serious mischief and ill will which have been occasioned towards us in America, by these unfair and injudicious tirades.

Our space will not permit us to enter into argument, or prophecy what America may eventually become as a nation. This, however, we do assert, that the Quarterly has always taken a very unfair view of the American constitution. America is a republic, and a republic is with it every thing that is abominable; but, if we had time, we could satisfactorily prove, that the American republic is as nearly and exactly balanced as our own constitution, even more so than it has lately been, since the gradual and undue interference of the aristocracy. The "tria juncta in uno," appears to be the only form of government which will work well for any lengthened period, and we shall find this in the United States as surely as we have it in this country. The Quarterly has forgotten, or omitted, to

point out the internal legislation of the several States, and how that legislation acts as a check upon the whole federal representation. These state legislations may be considered as so many houses of commons, the whole federal representation as the house of lords, and the president as the monarch of the country. A little examination will prove the truth of our assertion.

Mr. Ouseley has satisfactorily proved several important points hitherto denied. The most important are, that elections are carried on in America without confusion and without bribery; that the expenses of the government are less than in any other country; that the Agrarian law is not very likely to be insisted upon, as supposed by the Quarterly, where land is to be had for little or nothing; that the clerical body is well organized, and moderate in its expenses; that the Quarterly Review is prejudiced; that Mrs. Trollope is a trollop; and that Captain Hall knows nothing about it.

Mr. Ouseley's remarks upon the future prosperity of America are startling; if any thing, it will be her wealth which will prove her ruin. At present, however, with a cheap government, and no temptations to hold out, in the shape of place and sinecure for people to forfeit their integrity, it is very evident, that she will rapidly advance to a degree of power and perfection, which will, in another century, render her the most important nation in the world. What may be her situation and prospects after that date we leave to be commented upon by the reviewers of 1932."

EXPERIMENTS ON DIET.—On the 12th of June 1769, Dr. Stark began his experiments on food, by living on bread and water only. His daily allowance of bread was from 20 to 38 ounces troy weight; of water, from 2 to 4 pints. He continued this regimen from the 12th of June to the 26th of July, at which time the weight of his body was reduced from 12st 3lb to 11st 9lb, but without having suffered any material alteration either in spirits or health. On the 24th of July, he began to use sugar with the bread and water; for the first eight days to the quantity of 4 ounces only a-day, with 34 ounces of bread; the six following days to the quantity of 8 ounces, with 30 ounces of bread. He remarked that the sugar increased the flow of saliva; and, contrary to what might be imagined, that a less quantity of water was now required to satisfy his thirst, than when he eat bread alone; 2 pints being now sufficient, whereas, with bread alone, 3½ pints were necessary. During the whole of the fortnight, his body was loose, and he had frequently a purging upon him; but his appetite and general health were good. On the 10th of August, he began to take the sugar with reluctance, and on the 11th and 12th, with so great abhorrence (as he expresses it) that on the 13th he was obliged to desist. On the 14th he began to experience other disagreeable effects of his regimen; his gums became spongy and inflamed, with ulcerations on the inside of his mouth and cheeks: the inside of one of the nostrils was likewise red and inflamed; the purging increased, and was now attended with sickness and pain in his bowels, and purple streaks were observed on his right shoulder. These alarming symptoms obliged him to quit his sugar diet entirely, and adopt a diet of animal food with wine; from the use of which, by the 18th, the preceding appearances were in a great measure removed; and on the 24th, he was so far recovered as to make trial of another plan of regimen or diet.—*Dr. J. Thomson's Life of Dr. Cullen.*

SUPERSTITION.—Der *Felschütz*.—The ancient fable of the mountain spirit of Rodenstein is again revived. A German Journal contains the following letter:—"From the Odenwald, March 1832. 'The belief that there will be war in the German empire in the course of this year, has become a certainty in the mouths of the lower classes of the inhabitants of the Odenwald; and this certainty is not founded on the complicated state of political affairs, but on a circumstance which, in the opinion of these people, admits of no dispute. It seems that in the course of this month, the mountain spirit went from the well-known ruined castle of Rodenstein to the mountain called Schnellertsburg, which is about a league and a half distant. Many inhabitants of the little village of Eberbach, at the end of which stand the ruins of the castle of Rodenstein, in a wild romantic spot, and on a moderate eminence, surrounded by woods, heard, in the first days of this month, in the afternoon, a great noise in the air, as of the rumbling of waggons, cracking of whips, barking of dogs, the sound of horns, the clash of arms, &c. which seemed to approach them. In vain did they strain their eyes to discover something which might account for what they heard. The noise which was at first so near and long, passed over and gradually grew fainter, till it died away in the distance. It may be easily supposed what a sensation this noise, heard by so many persons, must have made in this country, when we recollect how many stories about the mountain-spirit of Rodenstein are current among the people. It is accordingly universally believed now, that as the spirit of the mountain has gone forth, a bloody war will certainly ensue.'

MAKING BOTH ENDS MEET.—An English paper contains the following announcement:—"Several ladies of fashion have, it is said, lately adopted the novel practice of having parties in the forenoon, which they whimsically enough denominate 'Morning Soirees'—ridiculous, in the vulgar tongue, morning evenings."

## MARRIED.

In this city, on the 24th, Robert Gracie, to Miss Mary Fleming.  
On the 23d, John Augustus Bontelle, to Miss Rebecca Coffin.  
On the 26th, Daniel P. Bacon, to Mary, daughter of Benjamin Armitage, Esq.  
At Norfolk, Conn. John F. Mackie, of the firm of Mackie & Murdoch, to Miss Juliet Wood, both of this city.  
At Norwalk, Conn. Francis S. Skiddy, of New Orleans, to Miss Sarah Louisa St. John.  
At New Lebanon, N.Y. David Addison Noble, Esq. of Michigan, to Miss Sarah Ann, daughter of the Hon. Henry Shaw, of Berkshire, Mass.

## DIED.

In this city, on the 24th, Samuel P. Avery, aged 35, late proprietor of the East River Mansion House.  
On the 23d, Abraham Van Vleet, late of Connersville, Indiana, aged 49.  
On the 26th, Peter Stimeis, a clerk in the Register's office, formerly paying teller in the Merchant's Bank.  
On the 21st, Catharine, wife of John Perrin, in the 31st year of her age.  
On the 26th, Michael McBride, aged 42.  
On the 24th, Thomas B. Golet, aged 54.  
On the 29th, William F. Waring, merchant, of the firm of Johnson, Waring & Co., aged 24.  
On the 29th, Hannah Tiltonson, aged 71, widow of the late Nicholson Tiltonson.  
On the 26th, Phila Delaplaine, aged 81, widow of the late Samuel Delaplaine.  
On the 27th, Dr. Gilbert Heston, aged 28.  
At Harlem, of the cholera, Rev. G. L. Hinton, aged 30; his wife, Sarah C., aged 23, and his son, George R., aged 24 years.  
At Darien, Conn. Zeno Carpenter, of the firm of Carpenter & Bishop, ship builders, of this city.  
At Vaucluse, Orange county, Va. Miss Sarah Geymes, in the 73d year of her age.  
At N. Brookfield, Mass. of Cholera, Mr. Ragsdale Harwood, merchant, of N.Y. He had an attack previous to leaving N.Y. and recovered; he then took the stage and travelled night and day, intending to seek for health in his native village. When about twelve miles from Brookfield, he was seized with a recurrence of the disease, but continued his journey till he arrived at home, and the succeeding day he died.—*Profr. Am.*  
At Detroit, on the 15th inst. Miss Elizabeth Coss, daughter of the Hon. Lewis Cass, Secretary of War, in the 21st year of her age.  
At Montreal, on the 18th of July, of the Cholera, Daniel Tracy, Esq. Editor of the *Vindicator*, and the prominent candidate at the late election in that city.

**MISS GILBERT'S Boarding and Day School.**—Miss Angeline Gilbert continues her school at No. 113 Bleecker street (near Le Roy Place) an airy and elevated situation, suitable to the accommodation of pupils from the country, and in the summer months from more densely settled parts of the city.  
The rudiments, as well as the higher branches used in female education, are taught: the French language and Drawing by the first masters; and music, vocal and instrumental, by herself.  
Terms made known on inquiry, and the most respectable references given, as (by permission) the Rev. Mr. Hawkes, Rev. Mr. Cutler, Dr. S. Moore, Samuel Ward Jun., Leonard Kip, George Shipman, Ogden Edwards, John Colt, Esq., and others whose children have been at her school.  
New-York April 25, 1852.

**LAKE ONTARIO.**—The splendid steamer *Great Britain*, Capt. Joseph Whitney, propelled by two low pressure engines of 50 horse power each. The public are respectfully informed that the following arrangements have been made for the months of July, August, September and October. Will leave Prescott every Wednesday morning, viz: July 4, 11, 18, and 25; August 1, 8, 15, 22, and 29; September 5, 12, 19, and 26; October 3, 10, 17, 24, and 31.—Arriving at Brockville, Kingston, Cornwall, Port Hope, York, and arriving at Niagara early on Friday morning. Will leave Niagara every Saturday afternoon, viz: July 5, 12, 19, and 26; August 4, 11, 18, and 25; September 1, 8, 15, 22, and 29; October 6, 13, 20, and 27.—calling at Kingston and Brockville, and arriving at Prescott on Sunday evening.  
The Ladies and Gentlemen's Cabins on board the *Great Britain* are furnished in the same manner as the New-York and Liverpool Packet Ships, with State Rooms; and no expense has been spared in finishing and furnishing the Boat in the most comfortable manner. Every endeavor will be used to accommodate passengers and ensure regularity.  
Prescott, (U. C.) July 11, 1852. e. l. n.

**SYLVESTER.** 120 Broadway, N. Y.—Office drawing of the N. Y. Lottery, Reg. Class No. 26 for 1852, drawn Aug. 1.—33 37 46 65 57 20 12 31 25.  
Take notice that I am licensed by the several States to vend tickets in all lotteries under the management of Yates & McIntyre, to whom I beg to refer those unacquainted with me. All orders by mail must come accompanied by personal application if addressed to S. J. Sylvester, New York.  
The following prizes remain to be drawn:—  
Aug. 8.—Class 25, \$12,000, 2,000, 1,000, 500, 250, 100, 50, 25, 10, 5, 2, 1, 50 cents.  
Aug. 15.—Class 25, \$20,000, 6,000, 3,000, 1,500, 750, 375, 187, 93, 46, 23, 11, 5, 2, 1, 50 cents.  
Aug. 22.—Class 24, \$30,000, 15,000, 7,500, 3,750, 1,875, 937, 468, 234, 117, 58, 29, 14, 7, 3, 1, 50 cents.  
Tickets and shares in the above for sale in every variety. No connection with any other person in New York.  
S. J. SYLVESTER, 120 Broadway, N.Y.  
Baltimore, Md. and Pittsburgh, Pa.

N. B. That valuable paper, the *Reporter*, enlarged, is published as usual, and sent gratis to all who deal with Sylvester.

**MERCHANTS' HOTEL.** No. 708 Broad street, including the block between Pearl and Water sts., New-York. *Henry Thurston and Alexander P. Faxon*, late of Troy, respectfully announce to their friends and the public, that they have become the lessees of the said buildings on Broad street, removing to the establishment of the *MERCHANTS' HOTEL*, recently occupied by G. H. Walton, and opened the same for the reception of company.  
The establishment is already distinguished as one of the most spacious, airy, agreeable and convenient houses in the city—its location in the immediate vicinity of both business and pleasure, being within a few minutes' walk of the Exchange or Wall street, and of the principal business houses on Pearl, Water and Front streets—of the East River, the Battery, Bowling Green, and Broadway. The proprietors flatter themselves to make it desirable, independent of the many suits of rooms for private families and are determined to devote their entire personal attention to the desires and the comforts of their patrons.  
May 7, 1852. THURSTON & FAXON.

## JAMES HARRIS.

Engraver, 54 Liberty street.

INFORMS the public that he has set out the city, but will thankfully receive orders for engraving business Cards and Cards of Address, "photocopies" Labels, Book Plates, and engraving of every other description. For pay he will take in exchange Clothing, Groceries or Dry Goods.  
August 4 & 5.

## SIR HENRY HALLFORD'S MIXTURE.

As a preventative for the Asiatic Cholera. A medicine recommended by the body physician of the King of England, and used there with the most astonishing success, is offered for sale, at wholesale and retail, by  
Dr. Lewis FRECHT WANGER, 377 Broadway, July 11.

## TO THE LADIES.

**L. CHAPMAN**, 69 William st. one door from Cedar, would call the attention of those ladies and gentlemen who are purchasing *Fancy Articles*, to his very choice and extensive stock of *Work Boxes*, *Dressing Cases*, *Writing Desks*, *Miniature Cases*, rich gilt and bronze *Pocket Books*, *Card Cases*, and *Needle Books*, all of which are finished in a superior style.  
N. B. All the above articles manufactured to order, and a liberal discount made to dealers. mar. 17.

## PASSAICK HOUSE, Belleville, N. Jersey.

**D. PULLINGER**, respectfully informs the public that she has opened a hotel, that pleasantly situated house in Belleville, recently occupied by Mr. Isaac, where she will accommodate persons with board by the day, week or year, on moderate terms. She has stages running from her house to Newark continually through the day, where passengers can take the Newark steamboat for New York. June 6-ct.

## SAMUEL KENNEDY,

**CARVER, GILDER, and LOOKING GLASS MANUFACTURER**, respectfully acquaints his friends and the public that in order the better to facilitate the various branches of his profession, he has removed from No. 20 Hudson street, to No. 5 Fourth street, between 6th Avenue and Washington Square, where every exertion is made to merit a share of public patronage, by excellence of work, moderation of prices, and punctuality in the execution of all orders he may be favoured with, wholesale and retail.

Prior, mantle, and toilet looking-glasses; carved and gilt brackets; curtain and other ornaments; picture, needle work, and print frames; gilt mouldings in lengths, &c., all of the newest patterns, are constantly manufacturing. Old looking-glasses new silvered, framed, or taken in exchange. Old frames and ornaments re-gilt or repaired. Prints and paintings cleaned, stained and varnished. Picture-glass and looking glass plates fitted to frames. Carved and gilt curtain ornaments made to any fancy, either from drawings or description in writing. All orders promptly and correctly executed for cash. May 16. ct.

## REMOVAL.

## PIANO FORTE STORE,

**M. V. GREGIER** begs leave to inform his friends and the public that he has on hand an elegant assortment of the latest pian and fashion, with metallic plates, or without, and hopes, from his long experience, combined with a thorough knowledge of his business, to merit a share of public patronage, which it shall ever be his study to deserve; having served a lawful apprenticeship of seven years with a superior maker from London, with the practice of six since, making thirteen, is confident he is able to execute any order that might be given in the line of Piano Fortes. For materials, workmanship, tone and touch, they are warranted not to be surpassed by any. Old Pianos taken in part payment for new ones; likewise repaired and tuned, at the shortest notice. Also, the guitar pedal added to Piano Fortes.  
N. B. Dealers are invited to call; they will be dealt with on the most reasonable terms. May 30-ct.

## OPERATIONS ON THE TEETH.

**MR. BRYAN**, Surgeon Dentist, No. 21 Warren st. near Broadway, has now prepared for insertion, a beautiful assortment of the best description of **INCORRUPTIBLE TEETH**, in imitation of human teeth, of unchangeable colour, and never liable to the least decay.  
Mr. Bryan performs all necessary operations on the teeth, and in all applicable cases continues to use his **PATENT PERPENDICULAR TOOTH EXTRACTOR**, highly recommended by many of the most eminent physicians and surgeons of this city, whose certificates may be seen on application. The use of this instrument he reserves exclusively to himself in this city.  
For further information relative to his incorruptible Teeth, as well as respecting his manner of performing dental operations in general, Mr. Bryan has permission to refer to many respectable individuals and eminent physicians, among whom are the following: Valentine Mott, M.D., Samuel W. Moore, M.D., Francis E. Berger, M.D., D. W. H. Smith, Jr. M.D., Amosah Wright, M.D., and John C. Cheseman, M.D. June 6-ct.

## NEW WASHINGTON BATH,

No. 12 Fourth-st.

**THE** proprietor of this Bath, encouraged by his numerous and increasing patrons, has at a very great expense built a more commodious bathing house, adjoining his former one, and which is now opened and fitted up with every convenience for *Gentlemen's* and *Ladies' only*; to which there is a separate and distinct entrance, and to which every accommodation and attendance will be afforded.  
He has also added two separate rooms in front, which he intends to keep supplied with a variety of refreshments, newspapers, &c. and no attention will be wanting to make this concern equal, if not superior, to any similar establishment "down town," while the well known salubrity of the village air, and the special purity and softness of its water, cannot but recommend it to all those who would enjoy the luxury, and the health preserving virtues of the Bath.  
Single tickets, 25 cents; five tickets, \$1; fifteen tickets, \$2 50; thirty-five tickets, \$5; and eighty tickets, \$10. May 9. ct.

## OIL OF MUSTARD.

A most important and valuable substitute for the Mustard Seed, which is an indispensable medicine for the Cholera Morbus, for sale by  
Dr. LEWIS FRECHT WANGER, 377 Broadway.

**CHLORIDE OF SODA** at 75 cents per gallon.—The subscriber offers for sale the best quality of Chloride Soda at 75 cents per gallon, and in bottles at 50 cents per bottle. Dr. LEWIS FRECHT WANGER, June 30. 377 Broadway.

## NEW MUSIC.

**FIRTH & HALL** have just published a Grand Chorus, entitled the "Fourth of July," composed and arranged expressly for the celebration of that day, and dedicated to the Chorists of the Churches in the United States, by J. H. Hagemmacher. Also, the *Ode on Science*, written by Mrs. C. Embury, and composed by Wilhelm Iucho. "Social Pieces," for the flute, with an acc. for the Piano Forte (ad. lib.), being selections from the works of Messrs. Nicholson, Wiess, Dressler &c. &c. (To be continued.) "Behold how brightly breaks the morning," the words, arranged for the Spanish Guitar, by Otto Torp; and "Blest were the Hours," a favourite song, arranged for the Guitar.  
Musical Instruments of every description, as usual. Apply at the Franklin Music Saloon, No. 4 Franklin square, late Franklin Bank. July 11-ct.

## BOOKSELLERS, JEWELLERS,

AND DEALERS IN FINE FANCY GOODS,

WHO DESIRE A

## NEAT AND GOOD ARTICLE.

IN THIS LINE (WHICH IS ALWAYS THE CHEAPEST) FOR RETAILING, ARE INFORMED THAT THEY CAN ALWAYS PROCURE AT **THE OLD STAND**, A CHOICE SUPPLY OF

FINE POCKET-BOOKS, CARD-CASES, &c. From the subscriber's GREAT ASSORTMENT of 170 KINDS.

Wholesale and retail—At the lowest possible market price—varying according to quality, from 50 cents to 40 dollars per dozen.

LOOK FOR

T. BUSSING, Manufacturer,

70 WILLIAM STREET,

NEW YORK.

## LIVERPOOL AND N. YORK

PACKETS.

Intended to sail,

1st, 10th, and 20th, of March, April, May and June.

1st and 15th of July, August, Sept. and Oct.

1st of Nov. Dec. January and February.

Rates of passage.

Cabin, \$100; second cabin, \$50; steerage, \$25, including provisions and every thing necessary for the comfort and convenience of the passengers.

For passage either to or from Liverpool apply to

E. MACOMBER, 161 Maiden lane, near South st. N. York.

## HUDSON &amp; NEW YORK STEAM TRANSPORTATION LINE FOR 1852.

Hudson Tow-boat Co.'s

Barge No. 1 (Capt. Peter G. Coffin), and Barge No. 2 (Capt. John T. Havmand), will leave Hudson and New York alternately through the season, on the following days:

From Hudson—Fridays at 4 o'clock a.m., from their wharf south of the ferry.

From New York—Saturdays at 6 a.m. from the east side Centies slip, corner of South street.

To be towed by the steamboat *LEGISLATOR*, Captain J. B. Coffin—for freight and passengers.

The steamboat *Legislator* will make one trip in each week without her cargo, for light freight and passengers, viz: From Hudson, Tuesdays at 10 o'clock a.m.; and from New York, Wednesdays at 6 p.m.

Towing will be taken by the *Legislator* if required.

The barges will at all times be open for the accommodation of boarders in New York.

ap. 25. JOHN POWER, Agent.

## FOR BULL'S FERRY AND FORT LEE.

Fare, 12 1/2 cents.

The low pressure steamboat *John Jay*, Capt. L. Wandel, will leave Fort Lee every day, touching at the State Prison wharf, in front of W. Fosdick's store, where a regular office has been established, on and after the 1st of May until further notice, in the following order, viz:

Sundays—Leave Fort Lee at 5 o'clock a.m., 9 a.m., 1 p.m., and 5 p.m. Leave Bull's Ferry at 5 1/2 a.m., 10 a.m., 12 p.m., and 6 p.m. Leave Canal st. at 7 1/2 a.m., 11 a.m., 3 p.m., and 7 1/2 p.m.

Other days—Leave Fort Lee at 4 o'clock a.m., 8 1/2 a.m., 1 p.m., and 5 p.m. Leave Bull's Ferry at 4 1/2 a.m., 9 a.m., 12 p.m., and 5 1/2 p.m. Leave Canal st. at 6 a.m., 10 1/2 a.m., 3 p.m., and 6 1/2 p.m.

Horses, Cattle, Market Produce, and all articles of freight taken at the lowest rates.

STAGES will be in readiness to convey passengers to Hackensack, Paterson, or any place on the public roads leading from the landings. In the immediate vicinity of Fort Lee a pleasant and commodious establishment has been prepared for target excursions, which is well worth the attention of our different military companies. Apply on board, foot of Canal street, or at the store of Benjamin Mott, 311 Spring street, opposite Clinton market, or Washington Fosdick's, West street, one door north of Amos. May 9. ct.

## CHOLERA PREVENTIVE.

**WE** do not mean by this heading that we have any thing that is an infallible preventive or cure for Cholera, but every physician and every person uses the use of means in guarding against this dreadful scourge—and the main and essential means to correct the stomach and bowels, and prevent or cure looseness or diarrhoea. For this purpose a preparation much used and depended upon in Europe, and lately here with great success, may be obtained of

L. S. COMSTOCK & CO.

20 Polton and 56 Division st.

N. B. It is prepared by a physician, and used in his family and in the families of his patients with much confidence. July 21.

## 210 BOXES INDELBLE INK.

**FOR** marking linen, &c. a superior article, offered at the lowest manufacturer's price, at wholesale and retail, by  
Dr. LEWIS FRECHT WANGER, 377 Broadway, July 14.

## ALL OPERATIONS ON THE TEETH

**PERFORMED** on the most modern, improved, scientific principles, with the least possible pain, and correct professional skill. Gangrene of the teeth removed, and the decaying teeth rendered artificially sound, by stopping with gold, platinum, vegetable paste, metallic paste, silver or tin. Teeth nicely cleaned of salivary calculus, (tartar,) hence removing that peculiar disgusting fetor of the breath. Irregularities in children's teeth prevented, in adults remedied. Teeth extracted with the utmost care and safety, and old stumps, fangs or roots remaining in the sockets, causing ulcers, gum piles, alveolar abscesses, and consequently an unpleasant breath, removed with nicety and ease.

Patent Aromatic Paste Dentifrice, for cleansing, beautifying, and preserving the teeth.

Imperial Compound Chlorine Pains-Expeller Lotion, for hardening, strengthening, restoring, and renovating the gums.

## CURE FOR TOOTH-ACHE.

Thomas White's Vegetable Tooth-Ache Drops, the only Specific ever offered to the public, from which a radical and permanent cure may be obtained, of that disagreeable, tormenting, excruciating pain, the Tooth-Ache.

The original certificate of the Patentee, from which the following extracts are taken, may be seen at the subscriber's Office, No. 5 Chambers-street, New-York.

"The subscriber would respectfully inform the public, that he has communicated a knowledge of the ingredients of which his celebrated Tooth-Ache Drops are pharmaceutically and chemically compounded, to Dr. Jonathan Dodge, Surgeon Dentist, No. 5 Chambers-street, who will always have a supply of the genuine article on hand, of the subscriber's own preparing. And the subscriber most cordially and earnestly recommends to any and every person afflicted with diseased teeth, or suffering the excruciating torments of the tooth-ache, to call as above, and have the disease eradicated, and the pain forever and entirely removed. This medicine not only cures the tooth-ache, but also arrests the progress of decay in teeth, and where teeth are diseased and decaying, and so extremely sensitive to the touch as not to bear the necessary pressure for stopping or filling, by (say a few days) previous application of this medicine, the teeth may be plugged in the firmest manner, and without pain. As to the cure of the tooth-ache there ever have been and ever will be, sceptics; but to the suffering patient, even one application of this medicine will often give entire relief, as thousands of living witnesses can now testify, and where the medicine is carefully and properly applied, it is believed it will never fail of its intended effect. In conclusion, the subscriber assures the public, that White's Vegetable Tooth-Ache Drops, prepared by himself, Thomas White, the Patentee, can, at all times, in any quantity, be obtained in its utmost purity, of Dr. Jonathan Dodge, Surgeon Dentist, No. 5 Chambers-street, New-York. THOMAS WHITE, Patentee of Thomas White's Vegetable Tooth-Ache Drops."

"New-York, 8th mo. 24th, 1830."

Recommendations at length cannot be expected in the confined limits of a circular; it must therefore suffice to observe, that these drops receive the decided and unqualified approbation of the medical faculty, of eminent scientific individuals, of the public at large; of the *sarans* of Europe, among whom may be mentioned Sir Astley Cooper, Professor Bell, Dr. Parr, and many of the nobility of London and Paris.

The subscriber, in his practice as a Dental Surgeon, having extensively used in the cure of the Tooth-Ache, Thomas White's "Vegetable Tooth-Ache Drops," and with decided success, he can recommend it, when genuine, as superior to any other remedy now before the public: If obtained of the subscriber and applied according to the accompanying "Directions for using," a cure is guaranteed. JONATHAN DODGE, No. 5 Chambers-street, N. Y.

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